

SPIRIT

OF THE

ENGLISH MAGAZINES.

Published half-monthly, by Munroe and Francis.

NO. 3.]

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1817.

[VOL. I.

MUSIC.

From the European Magazine.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell !
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And wand'ring on their faces fell,
To worship that celestial sound ;
Less than a God they thought there could not dwell

Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well :
What passion cannot Music raise and quell !
DRYDEN.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low ;
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft assuasive voice applies ;
Or when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enliv'ning airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds :
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds ;
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms, and wakes,
List'ning Envy drops her snakes ;
Intestine wars no more our passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.
Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And Fate's severest rage disarm :
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please ;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

POPE.

THE value of any science, says Tytler, is to be estimated according to its tendency to promote improvement ; either in private virtue, or in those qualities which render man extensively useful to society. Some objects of pursuit have a secondary utility ; in furnishing

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mental amusement, which, relieving the mind at intervals from the fatigue of serious occupation, invigorates and prepares it for fresh exertion. It is the perfection of any science to unite these advantages, to promote the advancement of public and private virtue, and to supply such a degree of amusement, as to supersede the necessity of recurrence to frivolous pursuits for the sake of relaxation—and of this nature, in a peculiar degree, is the science of Music.

The sister of Mirth and friend of Sorrow, it is this which recreates our spirits when fatigued with care, that banishes our melancholy when oppressed with sorrow, that augments our pleasures when inclined for mirth ; as seasonable in grief as in joy ; as properly employed in ceremonies of the greatest solemnity, as in those of mirth and pleasure ; as much relished when we are in solitude as when we are in company ; it is this alone which, at once calculated to delight the young and old, the joyful and the sad, is equally suited to all ages and capacities, all times and places.

To a science like this, then, possessed of such great and varied advantages, we should imagine it impossible for any to find objection ; and though it is not en-

tirely the case, yet its opponents, as it is natural to suppose, are comparatively and fortunately few.

The chief and only arguments, however, that seem to be urged against its cultivation are, the immoral effects which it is believed to produce in female minds, by the employment of their thoughts too much upon the subject of love; the time which it occupies, that might be devoted to better purposes; and its tendency to effeminate the soul and banish the manly virtues.

The first argument against the study of music, the immoral impression it is apt to produce by employing the mind too much upon the subject of love, is certainly a false one. The same objection might be made with equal force, to the cultivation of letters. We know that there are works of an immoral tendency, as well as those of an opposite nature; but it would be absurd, on this account, to condemn the cultivation of literature in general. In respectable families, neither books nor songs of an immoral or improper description are, of course, admitted; and, where it is otherwise, the fault must not be attributed to letters or the science of music, which in the hands of the well-intentioned will ever be wielded in a good cause, as instruments to suppress vice and encourage virtue.

The next objection, that is urged against music, is the time that it occupies—but what is this? rather a reflection upon the person than the science; an argument that may be equally applied to every thing else that is excellent as this; for what is there good and useful, in moderation, that is not at the same time hurtful & pernicious, in the extreme? as well might we, for the same reason, argue against food, because there are some who are intemperate in feasting; food in itself is beneficial; it is only in excess that it becomes injurious; it is not this, therefore, that deserves censure when we suffer from the effects of its abuse; the reproof must fall upon ourselves; and it is the same with music; if we allow it to engross too much of our time, it is our own error, and cannot, in justice, be produced as an objection to the science.—But the time that is occupied in this might be

applied to better purposes. And might it not, as is too frequently the case, be applied to worse? Might not the mind that is thus engaged, be otherwise vacant and misemployed; exercised upon thoughts that are frivolous and useless, or, what would be still worse, upon such as are vicious and improper? might not the hours we devote to this be otherwise consumed in the doing of nothing, or, what would be still worse, in the doing of harm; frittered and fooled away in the shuffling and cutting of cards, the perusal of novels, or an over-attention to the fopperies of dress, and the frivolities of fashion?

The third argument, adduced by way of objection to this art, is the tendency it is said to possess in effeminating the soul, and banishing the manly virtues; but the truth of this assertion must be denied; on the contrary, there is nothing, when properly directed, so well calculated to exalt the mind, or ameliorate the heart.

The man that hath not music in his soul,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.

SHAKESPEARE

Is there a heart that music cannot melt?
Alas! how rugged is that heart forlorn!
Is there, who ne'er those mystic transports felt,
Of solitude and melancholy born?
He needs not woo the muse; he is her scorn;
The sophist's robe of cobweb he shall twine;
Mope o'er the schoolman's peevish page; or
mourn
And delve for life in Mammon's dirty mine,
Sneak with the scoundrel fox, or grunt with
glutton swine.

BEATTIE

But there are no greater testimonies in favour of this science than the respect which it has received from the first characters of all ages and nations, sacred and profane. Omitting, however, to speak of its divine sanction; * the share it possessed in the Jewish service; † and the place it still holds in the religious ceremonies of the present day; we only ob-

* 2 Chron. xxix. 25. &c.

† Vide Lightfoot's Description of the Temple of Solomon, and Chapel's Templi Hierosolymitani triplex delineatio ex Villa'pando Josepho, Maimonide et Talmude, prefixed to Walton's Polyglot, &c.

serve the estimation in which it was held among the profane nations.

And first with the Athenians, we find that it was considered as an indispensable part of education ; and they believed it could not only calm the passions, and soften the manners, but even humanize the savage ; and Polybius, a discerning and impartial historian, attributes the extreme difference that existed between the people of Arcadia, the one remarkable for the elegance of their manners, the benevolence of their inclinations, their humanity to strangers, and their piety to the gods ; the other, on the contrary, notorious for their malignity, their brutality, and irreligion ; Polybius attributes this to the study of music, industriously cultivated by the one, and absolutely neglected by the other. It is not surprising, then, that the Greeks should consider it as an essential part of education. It was applied by them to almost all purposes. To raise the spirits of the rowers when weary with labour ; at their feasts, and at their funerals ; in the most august ceremonies of religion, and in the field ; where they, as well as the Lacedemonians, are stated to have marched to battle to its sound : a plain proof that, by these at least, it was neither thought to banish the manly virtues, or effeminate the mind.

And it was at the same time encouraged by the approval and example of men of the highest virtue and the deepest wisdom : it was the great Pythagoras who, bestowing his attention on this subject, ascertained the proportion between musical sounds. Even Plato, the most grave philosopher of antiquity, considered it as the most refined and rational recreation. Socrates, too, the wise Socrates, in a very advanced age, was not ashamed of instructing himself in this art ; and Themistocles, however otherwise esteemed, was thought to be wanting in point of merit, because at an entertainment he could not play upon a lyre like the rest of the company. An ignorance in this respect was even deemed a defect in education, and, on

the contrary, a proficiency in it did credit to the greatest men ; nor was it ranked amongst the least honours of Epaminondas, that he played well upon the flute.

The cultivation, however, of this science, was by no means peculiar to the Greeks. The Romans had their Odeum, or Theatre of music, as well as the Athenians ; and no people ever made more use of it, either at their feasts, or in the hour of battle. At funerals, also, they had their musicians, to increase the solemnity ; which customs, indeed, seem to have been practised in most parts of the world from the most distant period.

But taking our leave of antient times, let us consider the modern ; and have we not ever found the nations in which this science has been most cultivated, have we not ever found them, at the same time the most enlightened ? and is it not still the case ? Have we not also found its admirers among men of the first virtues, amongst our philosophers and our heroes ? Is this a proof, then, of its tendency to effeminate the mind, or banish the manly virtues ? When it has been patronized and cultivated not only by the first monarchs of England and of Europe, but even by Frederick the Great, who, so far from thinking it a recreation beneath his notice, is said to have prosecuted it not only with application, but with zeal, and performed not only successfully, but even scientifically.

From what has been said, then, it will appear, those who have objected to the study of this science, and amongst the rest a lady of distinguished talents, and one whose name cannot be mentioned in the cause of virtue without admiration,* must have argued from the abuse. If cultivated to the exclusion or neglect of more important qualifications, it ought, most assuredly, to be condemned ; but, resorted to merely as a recreation, it cannot be too much approved and encouraged ; many an hour being thus employed which might otherwise be spent in idle or pernicious habits, at the gaming-table or the bottle.

* Hannah More.

TRAVELS OF ALI BEY.

From La Belle Assemblée.

IN these voyages we find nothing more curious than the traveller himself. We wish to know who is this mysterious personage who, in the empire of Morocco, styles himself the subject of the Grand Seignior ! and when in the dominions of the Grand Seignior, passes for an officer belonging to the Emperor of Morocco. It is requisite to say something of him, before we enter into a detail relative to his travels.

An *incognito* arrives at the port of Tangier, and says he is a native of Aleppo, and that he has come from London by the way of Cadiz. He meets every where with the most flattering reception, is presented to the Emperor, who tells him he is delighted to see him ; while every body felicitates him, and says, "You are brother to the Sultan, and the Sultan calls you brother." This Ali Bey prognosticates an eclipse, and the eclipse takes place at the time specified, consequently his reputation and fame increase. He travels with a splendid retinue, and carries with him various instruments, destined to make every curious observation. This Mussulman from Aleppo, is a walking encyclopædia, a philosopher, though one of the faithful, a naturalist, a geometrician, an astronomer, a chemist, a physician, a geographer, and a botanist ; giving up also much of his time and talent to genealogical undertakings and conjectures. Neither does he stop at the discovery of the longitude, and has a perfect knowledge of barometrical science. He is master of all the dead languages, and speaks French, Spanish, Italian, and Arabic fluently.

What renders his voyage peculiarly interesting to an European, is its being originally written in French, and all his quotations are taken from the learned works of the French, and even from striking passages of French plays ; indeed all his most interesting comparisons have France for their object ; here he sees a village which exactly resembles Limagne,

in Auvergne ; there, are a range of houses which recal to his mind the villages of Beauce. Wherever he goes he makes presents ; one of these presents consists of twenty English muskets, twenty pair of pistols, a whole hunting equipage, a barrel of the best powder, different pieces of costly muslin, specimens of jewelry, confectionary, essences, &c.

In order to give an idea of the retinue with which he travels, it suffices to say that, in going from Cairo to Suez, he had only fourteen camels and two horses, because he had left almost all his possessions in Egypt. Thus under the mingled cover of opulence, and the desire of instruction, Sidi Ali Bey el Abassi, son of Othman Bey, becomes such a traveller as is seldom to be met with, and we may venture to say, never was such ever known who was a Turk.

When he arrives near the city of Fez, he sends forward two soldiers to request that the gates may not be closed until he has made his entry. He is obeyed immediately, and every person of distinction pays the most assiduous court to him. In the mean time he awakens their suspicions, and the people belonging to his suite undergo many interrogatories concerning him ; but he so well and so skilfully draws himself out of these perils, that they kiss his beard one hundred times, and regard it as the highest favour if he will honour them so far as to rank them among his friends.

Here, again, he foretels two more eclipses, but, however, he will not take upon himself to say the precise day on which they will happen. A courtier of Morocco lays a diabolical plan to ruin him, but Ali Bey triumphs over him, and then his favour and credit become unbounded. At length the Emperor sends him the inestimable present of two wives, one white and the other black ; which the traveller thinks proper to refuse, although this refusal is considered by the courtiers as an insult to the Emperor de-

serving the punishment of death. He departs for Tripoli during a violent storm. In this city he receives a thousand civilities from the Pacha, who makes him sit on a chair, although the letters from the Emperor of Morocco had given notice to the barbarous despot to be on his guard against Ali Bey.

At Modon, in the Morea, he is respected, and even cherished, by a kind of chief belonging to a banditti, named Mustapha Schaoux, who is a terror to the whole world. Near the port of Alexandria he experiences a second tempest which drives our traveller into the island of Cyprus. At Limasol, at Nicosia, on the ruins of Cytherea, of Idalia, Paphos, and Amathanta, the Turks and the Greeks vie with each other in testifying their politeness towards the fortunate Ali Bey. The Greek Archbishop, who in this island is a rich and powerful nobleman, happens to be too much indisposed to go himself in person to pay his respects to our hero, but he compliments him by a bishop *in partibus*, which must greatly edify a good Mussulman, who is preparing to perform his devotions at Mecca! In Egypt, he shines with added splendour; he is there invested with the title of Bey Scheriff, son of the Sultan, and he is received and held in consideration as a great officer from the court of Morocco.

At Cairo he meets with many friends and receives the visits of Sheid Omar, a Sheikh and Emir, of the Sheikh Solomon-Trayoumi, of the Sheikh Sadak, and of other great men belonging to the city. On the Red Sea he experienced a third tempest. At Djedda he has a quarrel with a villainous negro Governor, but it was written in heaven, that Ali Bey should always come off conqueror. At Mecca an insurrection breaks out amongst thirty thousand Whehabis; every body is put to the rout; but Ali Bey remains alone, and looks tranquilly on the defiles of that army which speaks to him not a single word.

In this holy city he gains a very powerful protector, for it is no less than him who administers poisons, in virtue of his office, under the Scheriff of Mecca; and, according to the saying of the old woman, who, when she lighted a taper

before St. Michael, lighted one also before the devil, "it is best to have friends every where."

Ali Bey speaks of his intention to visit Medina; he is informed that it is forbidden for any one to approach that city, and that the undertaking such a voyage will be attended with manifest danger. Ali Bey pays no regard to this injunction; he commences his journey, but this once he is prevented, and can get no farther than Djidécàda. The Whehabis stop him, and threaten to massacre him. The intrepid traveller beholds the glitter of their drawn scimitars without one emotion of fear. He speaks to them in a manner at once calm and dignified, and he receives no other punishment for his temerity than the loss of his watch and of a few piastres. At his return he experienced a fourth tempest, followed by a shipwreck, but during which Ali Bey makes his geological observations. In order to escape a fifth tempest he travels by land from Gadiyaha to Suez. In this town he learns the new troubles sustained in Egypt by the revolt of the Arnanto, which prevents his joining a caravan that is taking its course towards Cairo. As he crosses the desert he experiences a heat of thirty-seven degrees above the thermometer of Reaumur, even at sunset, and he is not the least incommoded by it. In a narrow pass his ears are assailed by the cry of "The brigands! the brigands!" he rushes forward, sword in hand, and immediately puts the brigands to flight.

At a short distance from Cairo he beholds a number of friends coming to meet him, with all the great men and Doctors of the city at their head, an escort of Mamalukes on horseback, twenty foot soldiers, and a troop of domestics and Arabs well armed. With this splendid retinue he makes a truly triumphant entry, by the gate *El Fatah*, and which entry he has found worthy of ornamenting his work by in a fine print. At Gaza, Jerusalem, and Damas, he again receives a thousand civilities from the Turkish Governor. When near Carmania he meets a troop of Bedouins, who seem very desirous of robbing him; but he calls out to them with a loud

voice—"Away with ye," and the robbers only salute him, with the greatest politeness.

This learned traveller, who has done his readers the honour of describing, in a particular manner, every little miserable village, does not say a single word of Aleppo, which he pretends to be the place of his nativity: he rapidly passes over it, and knows not one of the natives, though he finds friends in every country that he passes through, and amongst cities which, for the first time in his life, he visits. All these circumstances add much to the mystery which envelopes this extraordinary personage. At Constantinople we have a renewal of these politenesses and marks of friendship received by Ali Bey; and he is overwhelmed by the civilities of the Spanish Ambassador. The Sultan embraces

him, and what is almost incredible, the Kaïmacan smiles on him! In Moldavia he receives unnumbered acts of politeness from the Officers of Russia and their Generals, and this politeness brings us to the conclusion of these travels, which are to be followed, it is said, by several important works by the same author.

This hasty sketch is surely sufficient to prove that Ali Bey is a traveller of no common stamp. His work is no romance, the voyages are real, the observations of Ali Bey are curious, and often interspersed with several witty allusions. Whether really the work of a Mussulman remains yet to be proved: it is certainly that of a well informed and learned man, who has amused himself in multiplying prodigies, dangers, and catastrophes, in order to see how far he could play on the credulity of the European reader.

CRANIOLOGY!

.....and vainly hope
Of incoherent sand to form a rope.

*Persuadere cupis—credat Judæas Appella,
Non ego—* HORAT.

DINING with a friend a few days ago, the conversation turned upon Craniology. The majority of the company were decidedly of opinion, that the pretended discoveries on this subject had no foundation whatever in nature but were merely the production of a luxuriant fancy.

Perception, judgment, memory, and every other faculty (or, as the craniologists are pleased to term it, power) of the brain, result, as the company believed, from the general structure and functions of that organ; belonging to it as a whole, and by no means being exclusively restricted to particular parts; just as the regular notation of time by a clock is produced not by any separate wheel, but by the combined action of the whole mechanism. Accordingly, they thought it absurd to assign to one spot of the brain the intellectual faculties--to another, the sensual appetites; to place judgment in one corner of the head, and love in another; thus giving to each attribute

of a sentiment and rational being, a distinct and circumscribed locality.

But, absurd as this *map-like* division of the brain must appear to persons of much reflection, there are numbers who, captivated by novelty, eagerly embrace a system, which, it must be confessed, possesses some ingenuity, and is at least amusing, if it be not true.

I have been informed of a gentleman who is so well convinced of the validity of this new craniological system, that he is preparing for parliamentary consideration, a plan for eradicating by surgical treatment all that is morally vicious in the structure of the human brain; thus rendering the punishment of death in the case of convicts totally unnecessary. Knowing, to the exactness of a pin's point, the particular spot of the brain in which each faculty and passion resides, he proposes to amend the heads of criminals, by cutting out that portion of the brain in which the vicious propensity is seated, and thereby annulling and extinguishing for ever the power of doing evil—Thus forming out of the quondam robber or murderer, a harmless, and perhaps amiable member of society!!!

Nor is this all—the ingenious gentleman to whom I allude flatters himself he shall be able so to mould and alter the heads of infants, without having recourse to chirurgical operation employed in the case of adults, as to produce the most astonishing effects in regard to their future intellectual and moral character. For instance, if a child only a month old be brought to this gentleman, he will be able, according to the craniological system, to tell, by examining the shape and appearance of the head, what is defective in those parts of the brain in which the faculties of perception and judgment reside; and what is excessive in those portions of this organ where the passions of love, avarice, or revenge, are seated; and, having ascertained this, will be able, by mechanically compressing the cranium in that place where the vicious portion, in regard to moral propensity, of the brain is excessive; and on the other hand, by favouring the developement and expansion of that part in which the intellectual power is seated, to cause the child to become a very different man from what he would otherwise have been—making, in one instance, the naturally dull individual quick and clever, and in another instance, the naturally vicious individual, good and virtuous!

What amazing ingenuity! Thus, either by means of trepanning and excision in the adult-subject, or by means of compression in the infant-subject, we shall bring our species to a most wonderful degree of perfection—the vice-possessing portion of the brain will be crushed or annihilated—the virtue-possessing portion will be allowed to thrive and expand; and man, like a plant under the gardener's hand, trained and cultured according to this new system,

will yield an intellectual and moral produce, far beyond what it is possible for us at present to form any idea of.

For such transcendant improvements what reward can be too great? How astonishingly perfect must be that portion of the brain in which the faculty of *invention* is said to reside in the instance of such discoverers!

P.S. Might not the ingenious gentleman before mentioned establish a *Craniological Institution*, where parents might bring their sons and daughters to have their heads examined? when the subjects are sufficiently young, to have their heads moulded and ameliorated according to the new method. On the other hand, if the skulls are completely formed, and will not yield to the process of compression, such an institution might, even in these cases, be of great use, by giving an opinion as to the degree of talent and peculiar turn of mind, so as to point out the profession or line of business to which they appear especially suited; in this manner preparing the way for excellence in every department of art and science. To this institution might also apply ladies and gentlemen about to enter into the marriage-state, in order to be informed whether the objects of their choice possess a sufficiency of the amorous and benevolent qualities—so that, according to the information received, the engagements might either proceed or be broken off; and thus all that disappointment and misery which we so often see in married life, be, for the future, prevented—There will then be an end to scolding and jealous wives, drunken and intriguing husbands; which, of itself, will be an inestimable blessing, and cannot be too highly appreciated.—*Euro. Mag.*

FALL OF THE RHINE.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

BUT to return to the Rhine: the numerous waters of this river have been ever since rushing after, and ever resounding over the steep above mentioned. While we were yet at some distance, we could distinguish a mist rising

up as if it had been from so many boiling springs: these announce the cascade to your eyes—as the din long before does to your ears, like a hundred forges all blowing at once. We hurried to the bank, and stood by the mill behind the

fall. Here, in a wilderness of waves, we saw throngs of currents shocking against or undermining each other; these joining and shot like battering-rams against the crags; those again followed close by others—and all with irresistible sway rapt down.

There is an ample reservoir formed by Nature for the waters after their descent; for their impetuosity carries them straight-forward, a great way, to a rock on which a tower stands. This divides them in two: one part recoils off to the left, and pursues its course—the other part is turned round to the right in a prodigious whirlpool, slowly but irresistibly kept in motion by the column of water which darts for ever from the fall. This whirlpool would be fatal to any boat, for the upper current is drawn round again under the lesser falls: the force of which, equal to many pile-engines, jars the waves, so that in their re-action they rise up, and beat against the shores at that part like a furious surf of the sea. In the mean while, as the reservoir is fresh supplied, it communicates with the lower channel by an under-current, and pursues its way.

In front there is a view of the Rhine for some way *before*, and for considerable way *after* its fall, when it bends off in a sharp angle to the left by Lauffen-Castle; and enters into a forest. Here, indeed, I saw Sir William Chambers's fiction realized. "In one place a whole river is precipitated from the summits into the valley beneath; where it foams and whirls among rocks till it falls down other precipices, and buries itself in the gloom of impenetrable forests. In another place the waters burst out with violence from many parts, spouting a great number of cascades in different directions; which, through various impediments, at last unite, and form one grand expanse of water. Sometimes the view of the cascade is in a great measure intercepted by the branches which hang over it. Sometimes its passage is obstructed by trees, and heaps of enormous stones, that seem to have been brought down by the fury of the torrents. And frequently rough wooden-bridges are thrown from one rock to another over the steepest part of the cataract. Narrow winding paths are carried along the edge of the preci-

pice; and mills and huts are suspended over the waters; the seeming danger of which adds to the horror of the scene."

On the opposite side of the river is a pavilion on the Lauffen bank, that appears, in that distance, of the exact size and shape of a ship-lantern. From this pavilion there is a bird's-eye view of the river. You see it after its descent sliding swiftly forward, brushing along the edges of that whirlpool, and overtopping it at the same time: it is diffused along it in continued boughs that blossom the sea-green deeps with foam. The eye broods with a pleasure that nothing can glut, on the rich and sparkling sea-green shuffled among the foam and smoke that half-smother it; as well as on the globes and pyramids of mists spun up perpetually from the smaller masses. In some parts the water springs and bubbles up in jets, from the smaller masses only; the main one being hid ever in impenetrable gloom.—The paintings, that one sees commonly, do not express any thing of this; but still less the colours, whose freshness, to say nothing of their incessant shifting, surpasses any pencil. The artist ordinarily confuses them together, as if he had flung a sponge upon the picture from incapacity and despair; so clumsily is it done.

At first the waters, standing high above the precipice, lap over it, smooth as a piece of blue marble. In a moment they are snatched down—then begin the veins of foam, over which, if the sun shines, is dropped a rainbow. They do not in any part drop plumb down: but are fretted over an obliquely-winding precipice full of gulphs. And, at the very point where they begin to shelve down, they are divided by immense crags into three principal masses (one of these masses is larger than the two others together—this next the Lauffen side.) The dividing crags are covered on this side with moss and shrubs; they have evidently been reft asunder by the currents. They do not stand in a line—and one has been hewn across, so that a transverse passage is afforded to a part of the stream. Another of these crags has been bored thro' and hollowed out, serving as a muzzle to a column of the torrent that bursts thro' it like a cannon-ball.

So that there are several smaller members of the cataract, besides the three main ones ; all together putting you in mind of Virgil's *Æolic cavern*, through the crevices and doors of which, the winds rush in every direction. But the lodge (at the bottom of the Lauffen bank) is advanced out and held close to the principal cataract, which rushes by it like a mountain-blast ! flinging off eternal clouds, whose impetuosity, not yet spent, bears them up a long time forward in the air, in a deep-moving body. The eyes and ears are incapable of following any thing distinctly—you pant for breath—while the lodge beats and rocks violently to and fro under you.—In a word, this fall is a combination of all the cascades and falls in Switzerland, and is well worthy of the time and fatigue it cost us of coming a journey of four days to see it and nothing more. “It is probable,” says Coxe, “that the space between the banks was once a level rock, and considerably higher ; that the river has insensibly undermined those parts on which it broke with the most violence : for, within the memory of several inhabitants of this town, a large rock has given way, which has greatly altered the scene. The fall is diminished every year by the continual friction of so large & rapid a body of water ; and there is no doubt that the two crags in the midst of the river will in

time be undermined and carried away. The Rhine, for some way below the fall, dashes upon a rocky bottom, and renders the navigation impossible for any kind of vessel : the whole bottom indeed of the river is rock as far as Schaffhausen.”

After having mused upon it for a considerable time, giving ourselves up to a pleasing sensation of amazement and terror, we returned to Schaffhausen by a private path, along the bank of the river :—recalling to our imagination the stupendous scene we had just witnessed, our ears still ringing with the roar of waters, and our eyes still figuring them in their thousand forms : just as the senses, when strongly impressed with any object, retain the appearance of it, and hold it up to the mind, for a considerable time after it is removed from view.—*General Outline of Swiss Landscapes.*

German papers state, that the fall of the Rhine continues to excite admiration, and to present a most magnificent scene. The height of the river is at Schaffhausen almost equal to that in 1770, when people traversed in boats the plain of Rorschach. In Appenzel, the mountains are covered with snow at the season when the flocks usually cover the rich summer pastures. At Geneva, the waters of the Lake and of the Rhone have not been so high for these fifty years.—*Eur. Mag. Jan. 1817.*

FRENCH ANECDOTES, 1815—16.

From the Monthly Magazine.

PROVINCIAL MANNERS.

IT is ever matter of especial wonder among the generality of readers and inquirers, that such anomalous and even opposite accounts should be given of the same people, upon equal authority ; but admiration is often a superficial thing, and recourse to a certain ancient axiom will materially help to solve the difficulty—*nothing is, but which also is not.* No country or people upon the face of the earth furnish a more apt exemplification of this truth than France, the grand theatre of ne-plussage, of ultra-ism, of extremes of every kind ; of philosoph-

ical light and natural barbarism ; of the softest humanity and every social feeling, and of the most revolting indifference and savage hardness of heart ; of the most exalted and universal sense and perception of political liberty and personal independence, that have ever possessed the heads and hearts of any people, ancient or modern, amid the most debasing voluntary humiliation and vivid affection for tyranny ; of the most splendid and effectual efforts in the cause of luxurious accommodation, and miserable failure in the ordinary conveniences of life : as an attempt at some kind of

finish to a picture yet incomplete, the French are scientifically the cleanliest, and, practically, among the nastiest, of all civilized people; and have had more genuine nonsense written concerning them, both in visits and revisits, than any other; to the mass of which, I, at any rate, shall make but a small addition. It is a hopeful scheme, no doubt, to form an estimate of the French *morale* by the standard of English affection and prejudice; and a fair comparative statement of national demoralization (such is the modish phrase) in the aggregate, might occasion a strange and unlooked-for discovery.

SHEEP.

Merino sheep seem not to have extended much to the northern departments of France, where the climate is said not to be favourable to them; their price, so high previously to the invasion of Spain, has since accommodated itself to the ordinary price of sheep. In the above departments, the sheep are of the long and coarse-wooled breed, are housed every night, and fed upon straw and cut artificial grasses, green or dry. The mode of shepherding in France, where the whole country is open field, forms a curious instance of primitive simplicity and ingenuity, and, perhaps, of the superior docility of the continental dog: sheep are depastured in the lanes and ditches, and upon the partition banks, the flock being always attended by a shepherd and three or four dogs; the duty to which these dogs have been especially trained is to prevent the sheep from straying out of their bounds, and trespassing upon the corn; to this end, two dogs are stationed, one at each extremity of the boundary upon which the sheep feed, the dogs parading continually at a double quick march between the sheep and the corn, meeting each other half way, and never failing to seize the straying sheep.

CURIOSITIES.

Of curiosities, to which I was before a stranger, I find the following—a breed of tail-less fowls of beautiful plumage, the cocks of which are crowned with a large and bright red turban. Another breed of fowls which will not eat corn,

and a breed of granivorous dogs. An orphan bitch, rescued from the field of Waterloo, has since produced a litter of milk without puppies; and has, at the suggestion of nature, obviated the danger of inflammation, by sucking herself night and day.

FARM-HOUSES.

The superior classes of the French people not being particularly nice on the score of lodging, much delicacy on that head cannot be expected among the ordinary inhabitants of the country; nor is that land of taste and refinement overlaid with a scrupulous personal fastidiousness. The common farmhouses are mean and inconvenient hovels, having no upper-story, but a suite of four or five rooms, with earth or brick-floors, like a range of stabling. It would be an English or a Dutch idea, not a French, to suppose these floors are ever washed. The stoves in common use, do not say much in favour of French skill in the conveniences and comforts of life. When any article of cookery is to be placed upon the fire, it is necessary as a preliminary, to take off the whole top of the stove, when out rushes flame, smoke, and ashes, as from a volcano, covering the whole room. The French generally contrive to crowd all their beds into one room, each bed being placed in a close recess in the wall,—a description of lodging with which they ought to have no asthmatic patients. As a characteristic anecdote of these children of Nature,—in the same room and adjoining beds, were lodged the father and mother, and twin sons of five-and-twenty years of age.

The dress of these people is said to be very well represented upon the English stage; they have little variety in their habiliments, wearing no stockings but on holidays, when women, who have the means, put on a cotton gown and a cap full of large staring flowers, having beneath, a caul of pink glazed cotton to flash them. According to ancient French usage, young children are still bedizened in the adult fashion, female infants being put into a burlesque full dress of gowns, caps, and aprons; but that which is far more to be regretted, the children are generally found rude and untaught,

and too often troublesome, spiteful, and cruel, as young demons.

The diet of a French farm-house would be thought any thing rather than luxurious in an English one. Indeed, of tea and coffee, the French will stop down their primitive throats, as a breakfast, a *bouilli* of cabbage and all kinds of vegetables, well larded with a large dab of fat pork; and beyond that there seems little variety in any other meal, fat pork being their standard flesh viand, only that they are far more economical of it than we of this country. The women wearing no stays, and living chiefly on soup and a loose vegetable diet, their form, as may be expected, is usually of a full Grecian size; and some of them are said to be as coarse and uncouth in their manners as in their persons. French women, I find, characterized generally—fascinating as angels, and artful as devils! the wives holding an absolute dominion over their husbands, and having very few ideas in common with the English ones, on the subject of decorum. The manners and language of the stage at Cambray, it is presumed, would not be tolerated, for a moment, at any play-house in England.

INHUMANITY TO BRUTES.

Justice towards brute animals, with compassion and solicitude for the happiness of every living thing, being a vital part of the religion of me and mine, who, sooth to say, are not overburdened with the common-place and artificial kind, induced me to request a strict inquiry into the treatment of animals in France. I had been accustomed to see much kindness in the French emigrants towards beasts; but a French writer on Egypt, whose name hangs at my pen's point, I recollected, gave a distressing account of the unfeeling and barbarous usage of cats in his country: and Miss Williams has denounced the torture of calves in France, inflicted by two-legged beasts, who, unfortunately, have never themselves experienced what it is to be dragged for hours together in a cart, over a stoney and jolting road, with their heads hanging down. I regret to say, that the enquiry has not proved altogether favourable to the character of my old favourites, the French people; I yet

console myself, that the following cannot be a general specimen of the vulgar mind in France. My friend had a mare beating herself to pieces, under the tortures of the disease, vulgarly called the mad-staggers. Unable to endure the sight of such an extremity of animal misery, he sent for a proper person to put a period to the poor creature's sufferings, by cutting its throat. It was nearly eight, and the man used a thousand plausible arguments for deferring the business until the next morning; but what were the astonishment and indignation of my friend to find, that the motive for delay of this insensible bell-hound, was, the expectation that the mare would live until the morning, and that her skin would be taken off with less labour while she was yet hot! Thus the Spanish hunters in South America, according to the writer of Anson's Voyage, suffer the cattle which they have noosed to perish in agonies, which bursts the fleshy fibres and loosens the hide.

FRENCH GRENADIERS.

Theophilus Malo Carres de la Tour d'Auvergne made the campaign of Savoy in 1792, at the head of the grenadiers of the regiment of Angoumois. In the army of the Western Pyrenees he commanded all the companies of the grenadiers who formed the advanced guard of the army, and this column, surnamed the *Infernal*, generally gained the victory before the body of the army came up. In 1793, he commanded a reconnoitering party; on a sudden they found themselves before 10,000 Spaniards; fearless, they instantly began a destructive fire, but, ammunition failing, he ordered them to cease firing and halt. Some instantly cried out, "He is an old royalist and will betray us." "Soldiers," he instantly exclaimed, "you know me, I am your comrade and your friend, despise these foolish cries, I will bring you off." He waited till the enemy came within pistol-shot, as they fancied he had surrendered; he then ordered his men to fire and instantly charge; the Spaniards were dispersed, and several prisoners taken. After the affair they begged him to punish the seditious; "I neither know them, nor wish to know them," he exclaimed, "this lesson will be a warning to them,

they will be more docile and have more confidence another time."

The government informed of this, and several other heroic acts, gave him the rank of colonel in another regiment. On receiving it, he assembled the grenadiers; "My comrades, (said he) I want your advice and counsel:" they smiled. "It is very true (said he) I have often given you good advice, and I now ask it of you. The government has sent me the brevet of a colonel, shall I accept it, my lads, what think you?" Melancholy sate on every countenance; at length one said, "Certainly, captain, for even a higher rank is due to your merit; but pardon our tears we shall lose our father!" "Then, my boys, you are satisfied with me?" "Satisfied is too weak a word," was the reply.—"And I too, my brave lads, I love you as my own children; I wanted to have your opinion, I know it, I will send back my commission." "But, captain—," "Not a word, I will do it; you must all dine with me to-day." After the frugal dinner, "Now (said he) let us swear never to quit each other." The oath was repeated with the most tumultuous joy.

He was modest as he was brave; the first consul specially created the title for him of first grenadier of the French army. He alone was afflicted at the event; the word "considering," in the brevet, shocked him. "I am only proud (said he) of serving my country; I care not a straw for praise or honours; and thus to be praised to my face, I don't like it; this 'considering' will be the torment of my life."

On the cessation of hostilities he re-

tired to Passy; but the son of one of his friends being drawn as a conscript, (the son of M. Lebrigant,) he insisted on supplying his place, and as a private grenadier carried his musket and knapsack, carefully concealing who he was. On the 21st June, 1800, at the head of the 46th demi-brigade of grenadiers, he charged the enemy on the hill of Oberhausen; and, rushing before the rest to cut down a Hulan, who bore the colours, another stabbed him through the heart. For three days the drums were covered with crape, and on the 1st Vendémiaire his sword of honour was suspended in the church of the Invalids, and the 46th demi-brigade carry his heart in a little leaden box, suspended to the colours of the regiment; and on every muster his name is re-called in these terms—*La Tour d'Auvergne, mort au Champ d'Honneur.*—[*Mon. Mag.*

PROPORTION OF PARISIAN MORALITY.

The small Almanack of the Board of Longitude presents this year much additional interesting matter. Besides a short and curious treatise on Finances, it contains tables of population which may furnish matter for singular remark. That entitled *Progress of the Population of Paris during the year 1815*, is a small treatise on morals;—a balance-book of morals for 1815, and gives a sketch of morality with a sort of mathematical precision. Of 22,612 children born that year; 13,630 were born in wedlock, and 8,982 out of wedlock; which proves by simple arithmetical proportion that morals are to corruption in the ratio of about 13 to 8, or that there are nearly two honest women for one loose one.—*Lit. Pan. Jan. 1817.*

PICTURESQUE SURVEY OF WATER, WOOD, AND MOUNTAIN SCENERY.

From the New Annual Register, continued from p. 78.

"THE use which the poets have made of trees, by way of illustration, are moral and important.—Homer frequently embellishes his subjects with references to them, and no passage in the Iliad is more beautiful than the one, where, in imitation of Musæus, he compares the falling of leaves and

shrubs to the fall and renovation of great and ancient families.

"Illustrations of this sort are frequent in the sacred writings.—'I am exalted like a cedar in Libanus,' says the author of Ecclesiastes, 'and as a cypress tree upon the mountain of Hermon. I was exalted like a palm tree in Engeddi, and

as a rose plant in Jericho ; as a fair olive in a pleasant field, and grew up as a plane tree by the water ; as a turpentine tree I stretched out my branches, and my branches are the branches of honour and grace ; as a vine brought I forth pleasant savour, and my flowers are the fruits of honour and victory.—In the Psalms, in a fine vein of allegory, the vine tree is made to represent the people of Israel : ‘Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt ; thou hast cut out the heathen, and planted it. Thou didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the land. The hills were covered with its shadow, and the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars. Why hast thou broken down her hedges, so that all do pluck her ? The boar out of the wood doth waste it, and the wild beast doth devour it. Return, we beseech thee, O God of Hosts ; look down from heaven, and behold and visit this vine, and the vineyard thy right hand hath planted.’

“In Ossian, how beautiful is the following passage of Malvina’s lamentation for Oscar :—‘I was a lovely tree in thy presence, Oscar, with all my branches round me ; but thy death came, like a blast from the desert, and laid my green head low : the spring returned with its showers, but no green leaf of mine arose.’ Again, where old and weary, blind and almost destitute of friends, he compares himself to a tree, that is withered and decayed :—‘But Ossian is a tree that is withered ; its branches are blasted and bare ; no green leaf covers its boughs ;—from its trunk no young shoot is seen to spring ; the breeze whistles in its grey moss ; the blast shakes its head of age ; the storm will soon overturn it, and strew all its dry branches with thee, oh Dermid, and with all the rest of the mighty dead, in the green winding vale of Cona.’

“That traveller esteemed himself happy, who first carried into Palestine the rose of Jericho from the plains of Arabia ; and many of the Roman nobility were gratified, in a high degree, with having transplanted exotic plants and trees into the orchards of Italy. Pompey introduced the ebony, on the day of his triumph over Mithridates ; Vespasian transplanted the balm of Syria ; and Lu-

cullus the Pontian cherry. Auger de Busbeck brought the lilac from Constantinople ; Hercules introduced the orange into Spain ; Verton the mulberry into England :—and so great is the love of nations for particular trees, that a traveller never fails to celebrate those, by which his native province is distinguished. Thus, the native of Hampshire prides himself upon his oaks ; the Burgundian boasts of his vines, and the Herefordshire farmer of his apples.—Normandy is proud of her pears ; Provence of her olives ; and Dauphiné of her mulberries ; while the Maltese are in love with their own orange trees. Norway and Sweden celebrate their pines.—Syria her palms ; and, since they have few other trees of which they can boast, Lincoln celebrates her elders, and Bambridge her willows ! The Paphians were proud of their myrtles, the Lesbians of their vines : Rhodes loudly proclaimed the superior charms of her rosetrees ; Idumea of her balsams ; Media of her citrons, and India of her ebony.—The Druses boast of their mulberries ; Gaza of her dates and pomegranates ; Switzerland of her lime trees ; Bairout of her figs and Bananas ; Damascus of her plums ; Inchannaugan of its birch, and Inchnolaig of its yews. The inhabitants of Jamaica never cease to praise the beauty of their manchenillas ; while those of Tobasco are as vain of their cocoas. The natives of Madeira, whose spring and autumn reign together, take pride in their cedars and citrons ; those of Antigua of their tamarinds, while they esteem their mammee sapper to be equal to any oak in Europe, and their mangoes to be superior to any tree in America. Equally partial are the inhabitants of the Plains of Tahta to their peculiar species of fan palm ; and those of Kous to their odoriferous orchards. The Hispaniolians, with the highest degree of pride, challenge any of the trees of Europe or Asia to equal the height of their cabbage trees, towering to an altitude of two hundred and seventy feet !—Even the people of the Bay of Honduras have imagination sufficient to conceive their logwood to be superior to any trees in the world ; while the

Huron savages inquire of Europeans, whether they have any thing to compare with their immense cedar trees.

"So natural is this love of mankind, that the antients conceived even their gods to be partial to one tree more than any other. For this reason the statues of Diana, at Ephesus, were made of cedar and ebony; that of Apollo, at Sicyon, of box; while in the temple of Mercury, on Mount Cyllenes his image was formed of citron, a tree which he was supposed to hold in high estimation.

"England may well take pride in her oaks!—To them is she indebted for her existence as a nation; and, were we an idolatrous people, I should be almost tempted to recommend, (in imitation of our Druidical ancestors, who paid divine honours to the mistletoe,) that the oak be received in the number of our gods.—It is a curious circumstance, my Lelius, and not generally known, that most of those oaks, which are called *spontaneous*, are planted by the squirrel. This little animal has performed the most essential service to the English navy.—Walking, one day, in the woods belonging to the Duke of Beaufort, near Troy-house, in the county of Monmouth, Colonna's attention was diverted by a squirrel, which sat very composedly upon the ground. He stopped to observe his motions. In a few minutes the squirrel darted, like lightning, to the top of a tree, beneath which he had been sitting. In an instant he was down, with an acorn in his mouth, and began to burrow in the earth with his hands. After digging a small hole he stooped down, and deposited the acorn: then covering it, he darted up the tree again. In a moment he was down with another, which he buried in the same manner. This he continued to do, as long as Colonna thought proper to watch him. The industry of this little animal is directed to the purpose of securing him against want in the winter; and, as it is probable, that his memory is not sufficiently retentive to enable him to remember the spots in which he deposits every acorn, the industrious little fellow, no doubt, loses a few every year. These few spring up, and are destined to supply the place of the parent tree!—Thus

is Britain, in some measure, indebted to the industry and bad memory of a squirrel, for her pride, her glory, and her very existence!

"Not only woods, fountains, and rivers, but *mountains*, have had a sacred character attached to them.—Upon their summits the Jews, the Persians, the Bithynians, the infidel nations around Palestine, and the Druids of Gaul, Britain, and Germany were accustomed to sacrifice: and, while the Celts conceived, that the spirits of their heroes resided among the clefts of the rocks, and on the tops and sides of the mountains, the natives of Greenland believed them to be the immediate residence of their deities.

"The Greeks coincided, in a great degree, with this idea; and it was an opinion sanctioned by many of their poets and philosophers, among whom we may instance Plato, Homer, and Strabo, that, after the deluge of Deucalion, the inhabitants of the earth resided, for a long time, on the tops of the mountains, whence they gradually descended into the vales and valleys below: grounding their preference, not more upon their comparative security from future inundations, than upon the sacred character of those lofty eminences. Of those mountains, three had the honour of giving general names to the Muses;—and Mount Athos still retains such an imposing aspect, that the Greeks of modern ages have erected upon it a vast number of churches, monasteries, and hermitages, which are frequented by devotees of both sexes without number. Hence it has acquired the title of the *Holy Mountain*, an appellation which has been also given to the Skirrid, in the county of Monmouth, by religious catholics in the west of England, most of whom entertain an ardent desire of having a few moulds from that craggy eminence sprinkled over their coffins: while great numbers of pilgrims resort to the promontory near Gaeta, a small piece of which Italian seamen wear constantly in their pockets to preserve them from drowning.

"What has been observed of Mount Athos, is equally applicable to Mount Tabor, near the city of Tiberias; a great

number of churches and monasteries having been built upon it. This is the mountain, on which St. Peter said to Christ, 'It is good for us to be here; and let us make three tabernacles; one for thee; and one for Moses; and one for Elias.' The view from this fine summit is represented to be so exceedingly various and magnificent, that the spectator experiences all those sensations, which are produced by a mixture and rapid succession of varied and gay, gloomy and majestic objects. What a contrast does this fine eminence exhibit to that of the Norwegian mountain of Filefield, covered with eternal snow; where neither a house, nor a cottage, nor a hut, nor a tree; neither a shrub, nor a flower, nor a human being, are ever to be seen!

"The Jews were accustomed to bury their dead on the sides of mountains; Moses received the Law on the top of Sinai: and so holy was that mountain esteemed, that no one but himself was permitted to touch it.

"The Messiah frequently took his disciples up to the top of a high mountain to pray; there it was he was transfigured before them, and many of the incidents recorded in Scripture took place in the garden and on the Mountain of Olives.

"A country, destitute of mountains, may be rich, well cultivated, elegant and beautiful, but it can in no instance be grand, sublime, or transporting; and to what a degree boldness of scenery has the power of elevating the fancy may be, in some measure, conceived from an anecdote, recorded of an epic and descriptive poet. When Thomson heard of Glover's intention of writing an epic poem, the subject of which should be Leonidas of Sparta, "Impossible!" said he, "Glover can never be idle enough to attempt an epic!—He never saw a mountain in his life!"

"Petrarch had long wished to climb the summit of *Mount Venoux*, a mountain presenting a wider range of prospect, than any among the Alps or Pyrenees. With much difficulty he ascended. Arrived at its summit, the scene presented to his sight was unequalled!—After taking a long view of the various objects, which lay stretched below, he took from

his pocket a volume of St. Augustine's Confessions: and, opening the leaves at random, the first period that caught his eye was the following passage:—'*Men travel far to climb high mountains, to observe the majesty of the ocean, to trace the sources of rivers—but they neglect themselves.*' Admirable reasoning! conveying as admirable a lesson! Instantly applying the passage to himself, Petrarch closed the book, and falling into profound meditation,—'If,' thought he, 'I have undergone so much labour in climbing this mountain, that my body might be nearer to heaven, what ought I not to do, in order that my soul may be received in those immortal regions!' Let us, my Lelius, while climbing any of our British Alps, be visited by similar reflections, and be actuated by similar resolutions!

"Though the view of mountains serve to elevate the mind, the inhabitants of those regions are, undoubtedly, more prone to rapine and to warlike enterprise, than the inhabitants of vales. This arises from the austerity of their climate and the comparative poverty of their soil; but this remark, though true, when generally applied, is not always so in particular. For though, in the time of Cesar, the Helvetii, inhabiting that part of Switzerland, lying round the Lake of Geneva, were the most warlike people of Gaul; yet they were not more so than the Parthians, who were natives of unexplored deserts. The Assyrians and the Chaldees, both originally descended from the mountains of Atouria, with the Persians, inhabiting a country abounding in hills, were those people the most remarkable for having established extensive empires; yet we must not infer from thence, that their conquests arose from that severe energy, which is imbibed from the keen air of mountainous regions, since we find people, residing in plains, acquiring empires equally extensive. The Arabians, for instance, so remarkable for their conquests during the middle ages; the Egyptians, in more remote times; the Tartars, who subjected China; and the Romans, who conquered not so much by the sword, as by the arts: for it was the severity of their discipline, and not the severity of the

Appennines, which subdued the world ; of all these numerous legions, not one-tenth, in the time of Augustus or of Trajan, had ever breathed the air of Italy.

“ The most picturesque parts of Asia Tartary are those in the neighbourhood of the Armenian and Ararat mountains, on which the ark is said to have rested. This celebrated eminence, on the top of which stands several ruins, rises in the form of a pyramid, in the midst of a long extended plain. It is always covered with snow from its girdle to the summit, and for several months of the year it is totally enveloped by clouds.

“ What scenes in Russia are comparable to those in the neighbourhood of the Oural and Riphean mountains ? which the inhabitants, in all the simplicity of ignorance, believe to encompass the earth ; in the same manner, as the Malabars imagine the sun to revolve round the largest of theirs. Where does the Spaniard behold nobler landscapes, than at the feet and between the sides of the Blue Ridge, that back the Escorial ; among the wilds of the Asturias, or among the vast solitudes of the Sierra Morena ? With what feelings of awe does the Hungarian approach the Carpathian Mountains, that separate him from Galicia ! and with what joy and admiration does an African traveller, long lost among deserts and continents of sand, hail the first peak that greets his sight, among the Mountains of the Moon ! Can the American painter rest on finer scenes than those, which are exhibited among the Glens of the Laurel, the Blue Ridge, the Cumberland and Allegany Mountains ? And where, in all the vast continent of the western world, shall the mind acquire a wider range of idea, more comprehensive notions of vastness and infinity, than on the tops of the Cordilleras and the Andes ; or on those uninhabitable ranges of mountains, which stretch from the river of the west to within a few degrees of the northern circle ?

“ What a sensible gratification, and what interesting reflections were awakened in the mind of the celebrated Cook,

when standing upon one of these mountains, that commanded almost the whole of the beautiful island of Eooa, in the southern ocean !—This view is one of the most delightful that can possibly be imagined : ‘ While I was surveying this prospect, (says the benevolent navigator,) I could not help flattering myself with the pleasing idea, that some future voyager may, from the same station, behold these meadows stocked with cattle, brought to these islands by the ships of England ; and that the completion of this single benevolent purpose, independent of all other considerations, would sufficiently mark to posterity, that our voyages had not been useless to the general interests of humanity.’

“ No one mounts a towering eminence, but feels his soul elevated : the whole frame acquires unwonted elasticity, and the spirits flow, as it were, in one aspiring stream of satisfaction and delight : for what can be more animating than, from one spot, to behold the pomp of man and the pride of nature lying at our feet ? Who can refrain from being charmed, when observing those innumerable intersections, which divide a long extent of country into mountains and vales ; and which, in their turn, subdivide into fields, glens, and dingles, containing trees of every height, cottages of the humble, and mansions of the rich : here, groups of cattle ; there, shepherds tending their flocks ; and, at intervals, viewing, with admiration, a broad, expansive river, sweeping its course along an extended vale ; now encircling a mountain, and now overflowing a valley ; here gliding beneath large boughs of trees, and there rolling over rough ledges of rocks : in one place concealing itself in the heart of a forest, under huge massy cliffs, which impend over it ; and in another, washing the walls of some ivied ruin, bosomed in wood !

“ How beautiful are the reflections of Fitz-James, upon gaining the top of a precipice, whence he threw his eyes below, and beheld the crags, knolls, and mounds of Ben-Venue, the bare point of Ben-An, and the creek, promontory, and islands of Loch-Katrine !

From the steep promontory gazed
 The stranger, raptur'd and amaz'd ;
 And 'what a scene were here,' he cried,
 'For princely pomp or churchman's pride !
 On this bold brow, a lordly tower :
 In that soft vale, a lady's bower ;
 On yonder meadow, far away,
 The turrets of a cloister gay ;
 How blithely might the bugle horn
 Chide, on the lake, the lingering morn !
 How sweet at eve, the lover's lute
 Chime, when the groves were still and mute !
 And when the midnight moon did lave
 Her forehead in the silver wave,
 How solemn on the ear would come
 The holy matin's distant hum ;
 While the deep peal's commanding tone
 Should wake, in yonder islet lone,
 A sainted hermit from his cell,
 To drop a bead with every knell—

And bugle, lute, and bell and all,
 Should each bewildered stranger call
 To friendly feast and lighted hall.'

"Scenes, similar to those, which gave rise to these reflections, whether observed at the rising or the setting of the sun, never fail to inspire us with feelings, which it were grateful to indulge and cultivate.—If seen in the morning, they give a vigorous tone to the nerves, and prepare the mind to a willing and active discharge of its various duties; if in the evening, every object being mellowed by the declining rays of light, the soul acquires a softened dignity, and the imagination delights in pointing, with grateful anticipation, towards that mysterious world to which the sun appears to travel in all its glory !"

MARTIN GUERRE,

OR, THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND, CONCLUDED.

From La Belle Assemblée.

HE then, with the same assurance, asked Martin Guerre abundance of questions as to several transactions in his family, to which Martin answered but faintly, and with some confusion. The commissioners directed Arnold to withdraw, put several questions to Martin that were new, and his answers were full and satisfactory; they then called for Arnold du Tilh again, and questioned him as to the same points, and he answered with the same exactness; so that some began to think there was witchcraft in the case. The court resolving entirely to clear up the truth, directed that, now both the persons were present, the four sisters of Martin Guerre, the husbands of two of them, Peter Guerre, the brothers of Arnold du Tilh, and the chief of those witnesses who were obstinate in owning him for Martin Guerre, should be called in and obliged to fix on the true Martin.

Accordingly all these persons appeared, except the brothers of Arnold du Tilh, whom neither injunctions nor threatenings could force into court, which being reported they were excused, it seeming an act of inhumanity to oblige them to depose against so near a rela-

tion. The first who drew near was the eldest of the sisters, who, after she had looked a moment, ran to Martin Guerre, embraced him with tears, and cried, "Oh, my brother, Martin Guerre! I acknowledge the error into which this abominable traitor (pointing to Arnold) drew me and all the inhabitants of Artigues." Martin mingled his tears with his sister's, receiving her embraces with the utmost affection. All the rest likewise knew him, even the witnesses who had been most positive. At last his wife Bertrand de Rols was called in; she had no sooner cast her eyes on Martin Guerre, but, bursting into tears, and trembling, she ran to embrace him, and begged pardon for suffering herself to be seduced by the artifices of a wretch.

She then pleaded for herself in the most innocent and artless manner, that she had been led away by his credulous sisters, who had owned the impostor; that the strong regard she had for him, and her ardent desire to see him again, helped on the cheat, in which she was confirmed by the token that traitor had given, and the recital of so many particularities, which could be known only to her husband; that, as soon as her eyes

were open, she wished that the horrors of death might bide those of her fault, and that she had laid violent hands on herself, if the fear of God had not withheld her; that, not being able to bear the dreadful thought of having lost her honour and reputation, she had recourse to vengeance, and put the impostor in the hands of justice, and prosecuted him so rigorously that he had been condemned to lose his head, &c.; and that she had not in the least relented in her zeal to prosecute him since his appeal from that sentence.

Martin Guerre, who had been so sensible of the testimonies of the love, friendship, and tenderness given him by his sisters, remained wholly unmoved at these excuses of his wife: he heard her, indeed, without interruption; but when she had done, with an air of contempt and resentment he said, "You may cease weeping; my heart can never be moved by your tears. In vain you pretend to justify yourself from the conduct of my sisters and uncle. A wife has more ways of knowing a husband than a father, a mother, and all his relations put together; nor is it possible she should be imposed on unless she had an inclination to be deceived. You are the sole cause of the misfortunes of my family, and I shall never impute my disgrace to any but you."

The commissioners endeavored to enforce what the unfortunate Bertrande de Rols had said, in order to make her husband comprehend her innocence; but he persisting, in a sullen air of indifference, shewed plainly enough that his anger was such as time only could efface. We are not told how Arnold du Tihl behaved on this discovery, but it is most probable that he stood it out with his usual impudence; since it is certain he did not confess the truth of what was laid to his charge until his return to Artigues.

All doubts being now cleared, the court, after mature deliberation, pronounced the following sentence:—

"Upon reviewing the process before the Criminal Judge of Rieux, against Arnold du Tihl, called Pausette, but asserting himself to be Martin Guerre, at present in the Conciergerie, and appealing from the judgment, &c. which ap-

peal being received and heard, and the said Arnold du Tihl appearing to be guilty, this court hath thought fit to declare the same, and for the punishment and reparation of the imposture, fraud, assumption of a false name and person, adultery, sacrilege, plagiarism, theft, and other crimes of the said Du Tihl set forth in the said process--The court hath condemned and do condemn him to make the *amende honorable* in the market-place of Artigues, in his shirt, his head and feet bare, a halter about his neck, and holding in his hands a lighted waxen torch, to demand pardon of God, the King, and the justice of the nation, of the said Martin Guerre and De Rols his wife: and this being done, the said Du Tihl shall be delivered into the hands of the capital executioner: who, after making him pass through the streets and other public places in the said town of Artigues with a rope about his neck, at last shall bring him before the house of Martin Guerre; where, on a gallows set up for that purpose, he shall be hanged, &c. And for certain causes and considerations thereunto moving, the court has ordered, and does hereby ordain, that all the effects of the said Du Tihl shall belong to, and be the property of, the daughter of his by Bertrande de Rols under colour of a marriage by him falsely pretended, in assuming and taking upon himself to be the said Martin Guerre, by means whereof he deceived the said De Rols, and broke through all the laws of equity and justice. And the said court has discharged, and doth hereby discharge their further attendance thereon the said Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, and also Peter Guerre, uncle of the said Martin. And has returned, and does hereby return the said Du Tihl into the hands of the said Judge of Rieux, that he may cause to be put into execution this sentence according to the form and tenor thereof.—Pronounced judicially the 12th day of Sept. 1560."

Mons. de Coras, the reporter, observes that the sentence of the Criminal Judge of Rieux was invalid, by reason of the punishment therein inflicted. Because by decapitation, or beheading, to which he condemned Arnold du Tihl, only persons of distinction are to be put to

death, nay, a theft, or a treachery of such a nature as deserves a capital punishment when committed by a person of noble extraction, requires no better instrument than the gallows, only the gibbet is to be raised a little higher than ordinary. In this sentence of Arnold du Tilh it is remarkable that so many very high and enormous crimes, including plagiarism, are mentioned; the latter is constituted by the civil law, and is committed when one detains a person who is the property of, or belongs to a brother; as also when a person disposes of a freeman, and either buys or sells him for a slave. It is remarkable that the effects of Arnold du Tilh are adjudged to his daughter by Bertrande de Rols, on account of the mother's upright meaning; and the French lawyers have reported various cases of the like nature. As for example, where a man married a second wife, the first being alive, and being ignorant thereof, in failure of issue by the first match the inheritance was given to the children by the latter, though the marriage was not strictly legal. M. de Coras says, that the court in drawing up this sentence was chiefly embarrassed on this head, viz. how far Martin Guerre and Bertrande de Rols, his wife, were guilty of breaking the laws and thereby liable to censure? As to Martin Guerre, it was said that his abandoning his wife was the original cause of all this mischief; but what bore hardest upon him, was his having carried arms against his Prince at the battle of Laurence, where he lost his leg by a cannon shot. As to the first, the court was of opinion that as Martin acted rather from levity than malice; and as the mischief complained of flowed from a mixture of other causes, his leaving his wife, if it was a crime, deserved not to be inquired into by any court on this side the grave, but ought to be left to the decision of that great day whereon all hearts shall be open and all secrets known! As to the second, it did not appear that his serving against his Prince was a voluntary act; for going into Spain he entered into the service of the Cardinal de Burgos, and afterwards into that of the Cardinal's brother, who carried him into Flanders, where he was obliged to go, whether he would or not,

with his master into the army; and as in the battle he lost his leg, it seemed to them a sufficient punishment for his committing an offence against his will.

In regard to Bertrande de Rols, her guilt was thought more apparent; that a woman should be deceived in her husband was a proposition few could digest. It appeared very odd and unaccountable that the notice those so strictly united usually take of each other's person should not furnish her with marks whereby to know the impostor from her spouse; and that she should never discover in their secret conversations any ignorance in him or want of remembrance as to material points which might have happened in their family affairs. Yet the character of the woman in point of modesty and prudence, the acquiescing of the four sisters of Martin Guerre, the rest of his relations, besides a multitude of other persons in the town of Artigues, who were all deceived as well as she; the surprising likeness between her husband and this man assuming his name, and the wonderful agreement of the several marks on each of their bodies, joined to the standing maxim in the law, that in a doubtful case innocence is to be presumed, at last determined the court to acquit and discharge her.

In order to the execution of the sentence Arnold du Tilh was carried back to Artigues; he was there examined in prison by the Criminal Judge of Rieux, who first condemned him, and made a very long and exact confession. He acknowledged that he was determined to commit this crime by an accident. Coming from the camp in Picardy, he was taken for Martin Guerre by some of Martin's friends; from them he learned abundance of circumstances concerning Martin's father, wife, sister, and other relations, and of every thing he had done before he had left that country. These new lights, added to the materials he had obtained from Martin Guerre himself in a multitude of conversations, put it fully in his power to carry on the cheat he had projected in the artful manner he did. He denied, however, his making use of charms or any magical tricks for the furtherance of his designs. He owned a great many other crimes which he had

committed, and persisted in every point of his confession when it was read over to him. At the foot of the gallows, erected over against the house of Martin Guerre, he in the most humble manner

asked pardon of him and of his wife, appearing a most hearty and sincere penitent, and testified the most lively grief for the offences he had committed.

MR. KEAN,

THE CELEBRATED TRAGEDIAN.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. KEAN has not appeared, since our last, in the parts we intended to have noticed this month (*Bajazet* and the *Duke Aranza*); and as we wish to say something, as occasion offers, on each of his performances, we shall take this opportunity of speaking of his *Othello*; first, however, endeavouring to remove an error which appears to exist as to the personal qualifications required in a representative of the Moor. From the days of Garrick to the present time, the name of *Othello* has conjured up a being endowed with every thing that is noble in feature, every thing that is graceful in demeanour, every thing that is grand and dignified in person; in short, bating his colour, "he looks an angel, and he moves a god." What triumph would Shakespeare have achieved for his favourite passion in making his *Desdemona* love *such* a being?—Shakespeare had a loftier object in view. He delighted to honour the female character; and was it ever before or since, so highly honoured as in his own *Desdemona*?—Did fiction—even the fiction of Shakespeare itself,—ever embody a more perfect being?—the perfection however, of nature, not of art.

Admitting then the face and person of Mr. Kean to be deficient in dignity, he is not thereby disqualified, in the slightest degree, as a representative of Shakespeare's *Othello*. The faults in his performance of that character—(we like to get rid of them first, that we may afterwards dwell with unmingled delight on its beauties)—the faults are a slight tincture of the mock heroic in what is called the level-speaking of the part; (a fault, by the bye, which exists more or less in almost all his tragedy;) and in his reproaches to *Desdemona* he sometimes assumes a cutting and sarcastic manner, which the words them-

selves do not warrant, and which is, besides, totally out of keeping with the rest of his conception of the part.

In the first and second acts there is nothing particularly striking; for there is no necessity to make *Othello* "a hero to his valet-de-chambre." Except from this, however, the words "if it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy, &c.:" mingled with the most soul-felt happiness, there is a beautiful expression of pathos which seems almost to forbode the misery that awaits him.—Of the third act it will be difficult to speak as we feel without incurring the imputation of extravagance. After having witnessed all the principal efforts of the histrionic art that have delighted the town for the last seven or eight years, not excepting those of Mrs. Siddons, we do not hesitate to say that for purity, delicacy, and high poetical beauty of conception—for truth, and depth, and variety of expression,—nothing has been exhibited which equals the whole of the third act of Mr. Kean's *Othello*. Never were the workings of the human heart more successfully laid open. During the first scene, in which Iago excites his jealousy, in every tone of the voice, in every movement of the face and body, may be seen the accumulated agonies of unbounded love, struggling with, and at length yielding to doubt. When the simple exclamation, "And so she did," burst from him, in reply to Iago's suggestion that *Desdemona* had "deceived her father,"—in an instant the tumult of thoughts that has been passing across his mind during the long pause that preceded it is manifest.—The next scene where he enters after having been meditating on his supposed wrongs begins with a burst of mingled agony and rage: the intenseness of expression

thrown into the words "I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips," has never been surpassed. Then comes the utter heart-sinking and helplessness which inevitably succeeds to the protracted operation of powerful passion: the beautiful speech beginning—"Oh! now for ever farewell," &c. is given in a tone of the most melting pathos—it is the quiet despair of a man who has for a moment cast his miseries behind him, and contemplates them as having happened in years past—it is the death-dirge of departed bliss: mournful music, but yet "music." To this calm succeeds a storm of furious passions—rage, hatred, intervening doubts,—until at length the whole of his already excited energies are yielded up to revenge: the look and action accompanying the words—"O blood! Iago—blood!" were most appalling. We repeat that the third act of Mr. Kean's Othello is the noblest performance on the English stage.

There is a quietness about the last scenes of it which is beautifully consistent with the manner of giving the speech—"Oh now for ever, &c." All is the dead calm of a midnight sea;—passion seems to have "raved itself to rest;" even when Othello learns too late that his wife was guiltless, it scarcely moves him: one imagines that he had before determined not to live, and that the only change wrought by this certainty of her innocence is, that whereas before he would have sought death as a refuge from utter despair—now "'tis happiness to die," for amid the surrounding gloom there is one bright spot to which he can turn—she *did* love him, and the devotion of his heart was not cast away.

On the 20th (June) we witnessed the representation of Othello, by Kean, with renewed delight. Our sentiments upon his personation of this "ensnared" Moor, have been before fully stated. We have remarked on the pathos that this great actor often diffuses in a single word. In addition to the examples already noticed, we cannot forbear advertising to the manner in which after Iago has infused the poison of jealousy into his mind, and, perceiving his agitation—observes, "I see this hath dashed your spirits,"—Othello replies, "Not a jot,

not a jot!" The look of anguish, the closing of the eyes, as if to restrain the tears wrung from his tortured soul, and the affected carelessness of tone must be witnessed by those who would appreciate their effect. In the line, "I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips," the pause which is introduced before the word *kisses*, as if his tongue revolted from the task of expressing the odious thought, another of those beautiful touches which render the whole of the third act of this tragedy, in Mr. Kean's hands, one of the most horribly beautiful, and impressive exhibitions that the histrionic art can boast of. Neither do we know of any actor, whose countenance is capable of such expression as Kean's. He has been censured for want of dignity; but we apprehend that whatever degree his features might gain of the latter quality, they would lose in a like ratio of the former, which gives such powerful effect to the portraiture of this performer. The want of this expression, in our idea, renders Pope an unsuitable representative of the wily and dangerous Iago. On this subject our great poet proved his knowledge of nature when he put into Cæsar's mouth this wish:—

Let me have men about me that are fat,
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:
Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much—such men are dangerous.

Massinger's admirable comedy of *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, has been revived at this theatre. Mr. Kean played Sir Giles Overreach.* This character is drawn with great power and originality. It begins in avarice—reckless, remorseless avarice; which at length becomes merged and extinguished in intense personal vanity. He first gluts himself with wealth till his very wishes can compass no more; and then, by dint of gazing at himself—as the creator of his boundless stores, his avarice changes into self-admiration; and he thenceforth lavishes as eagerly to gratify the new passion as he had amassed to

* The character of Sir Giles Mompesson, who lived in the time of Massinger, probably suggested to him the hint of his Sir Giles Overreach; though it is certainly not drawn from that person.—For some account of him, see Wilson's *Life and Reign of James I.* sub. anno 1611.

gratify the old one. To the unmingled wickedness of this character we have a pleasing and a needful contrast, in the simple loves of Allworth and Margaret; and Wellborn is drawn with great freedom and spirit.

But to speak of Mr. Kean's inimitable performance of Sir Giles Overreach. If it is not his very best, (for we still think Othello and his Richard II. exhibit powers of a loftier description,) yet we cannot call it *second* to any; because these performances, as well as his Richard III. have faults; but this is absolutely perfect. We could scarcely look at it as a stage representation. In the first part of the play nothing can be more true to nature, and at the same time more refined and original, than the mixture of gloom and vulgarity which Mr. Kean casts, over the looks, tone, and action of the fearless and successful villain. The fine scene with his daughter in the third act was most exquisitely performed; particularly the fiend-like expression with which he tells her to "trample on" the Lady Downfallen; and the savage energy with which he gives the speech, "How! forsake thee!" &c. Then comes his feigned humility with "the Lord," as he calls him,—always in a tone of half contempt, even when speaking to him. Indeed, all through the play his half-contemptuous and sarcastic manner of pronouncing "lord," and "honourable, right honourable daughter," is peculiarly striking.

The last act is from beginning to end a storm of the most intense and various passion, occasionally hushed for a mo-

ment into a calm not less dreadful; as when all his energies seem at once to crack, and hardly leave him strength to articulate "My brain turns;" and again when he is about to rush among his enemies, but stops short as if struck with death—"Ha! I am feeble," &c. We must not neglect to notice his exquisite manner of calling Marall to him, after he discovers the blank parchment instead of the deed which secured Wellborn's property to him. He first calls him in his usual tone, as if speaking to his slave, "Marall!" but he instantly recollects the stake that depends on Marall's service at the moment, and he again calls him—"Marall!" but with an expression of face and voice that we should scarcely have thought possible to throw into a single word. This is wholly Mr. Kean's own, the name being only given once in Massinger. To describe the awful and terrific appearance of his countenance when borne off the stage is impossible. To be appreciated it must be seen—the effects of it manifested in hysteric sobs, were not confined to the audience alone; Mrs. Glover and Mrs. Horn were so much affected that the former actually sunk into a chair on the stage. So deeply indeed were the performers impressed with the transcendent merit which Mr. Kean had displayed in this character, that, at the first representation, before they separated, they resolved to raise a subscription for a piece of plate to be presented to him, as a token of their admiration. Lord Byron, with his usual liberality, contributed 25 guineas to the fund destined for this purpose.

July, 1816.

INQUIRY INTO THE MORAL CHARACTER OF DR. YOUNG.

Continued from page 89.

WHETHER the melting melancholy strains which flowed from the pen of our author, so deeply lamenting the fate of Narcissa with a pathos sublimely great—overwhelmed with indignant sorrow at the cruel decree of the Romish Church denying his daughter the rites of Christian burial—whether those affecting strains were the genuine feeling of his heart; or caught from so

fair a subject to move the passions of the reader, would be a kind of sacrilegious doubt. But allowing those deep tones of grief to have proceeded from the bottom of his soul, his daughter felt not the difference between consecrated ground and the garden of flowers where her last remains were deposited; and, with respect to himself, he had the Christian philosophy to resort to, to support his mind under the Divine consolation,

that her spirit had returned unto God who gave it—whilst his only son, the son of a Protestant Minister, a beneficed Clergyman, was wandering in this country, unprotected, unrelieved, and unforgiven. I remember him an unhappy wanderer, friendless, and often, full often, I believe, almost penniless, but certainly *deficiente crumena*.

It would be a melancholy discovery to retrace the different distressing scenes and occurrences which he passed thro' without any of the gifts of fortune, without any profession, and without any employment. He was possessed of superior talents, and a well-cultivated understanding, enriched with a lively imagination, and a vein of poetical fancy, not inferior, time and circumstances considered, to that of his father. But the want of academical education left him to struggle under the frowns of adversity in the prime of life. The Editor of Young's Life, boldly, but ignorantly, affirms, that he was sent from Winchester, to New College. But this he wrote by dashing through a cloud before his eyes, without any knowledge of his subject, and wilfully mistaking his way; for, had he made inquiry at the corner of New College-lane, he would not have fallen into so gross and palpable an error.

If the writer was not a mere copyist, he was working up the compilation of a Life with materials of which he neither knew the consistency or the propriety of using them. He would not otherwise have committed to the press this incoherent and contradictory account of Young's admission into the University. His words are these: "He was sent to New College, in Oxford; but there being no vacancy, though the Society waited for one not less than two years, he was admitted in the mean time in Baliol." If he was sent to New College, for what reason was he admitted in Baliol? And if in the mean time he was admitted to Baliol, consequently he could not have been sent to New College. How could he possibly have been sent, when there was no vacancy for his admission? It cannot with any propriety of language be said, that the Society were thus waiting; though it was strictly true of Young. But so far from his

having been sent to the College, to which, by a chapter of uncommon ill fortune, with all the chances in his favour, he never succeeded; he was during one of those two years the senior of the school at Winchester College, waiting for the chance of the election in his last year, when he became a Superannuate.

But to digress no farther. Let it be granted that Mr. Frederic Young in the heyday of his blood had given his father just cause for resentment; should he have pursued the vengeance of his anger and displeasure to such a degree, and to such an unwarrantable length of time? Had he offended him beyond all hopes of forgiveness? Whatever faults the son had committed, so as to complete his ruin, should not the immoral habits of the father during his intimacy with the Duke of Wharton, have risen up in his own judgment against himself, so as to have had compassion on the child of his bosom? The recollection of his having lived in friendship with a licentious and profligate Nobleman ought in reason to have induced him to have weighed in an even balance the demerits of the one with the evil habits of the other.

I am at a loss to conceive how a clergyman like Dr. Young, so frequently laying open his heart in the confession of his sins with the rest of his congregation, should so long have indulged a spirit of resentment, at the hazard of his own forgiveness from his Heavenly Father. With how much delusion of mind must he have daily offered up to Heaven the daily incense of his devotions in the Lord's Prayer without reducing to practice one of the most positive duties comprehended in our most holy Religion! Equally surprising is it, that, as a priest of the Temple he should repeatedly have administered the most comfortable Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ to his people, without regarding it as a Sacrament of Love, a Sacrament of universal forgiveness.

It is difficult to reconcile the principles of pure and undefiled Religion with the theory of his religious knowledge, and the practice of his religious duty. The question had often met his eye—"How often shall my brother trespass against me, and I forgive him? till seven times?"

With the decision of the question he could not have been otherwise than well acquainted. Jesus said unto him, "I say not until seven times ; but until seventy times seven." Yet for several years he lived in irreconcilable variance with his son.

Let me add one more recollection, obvious to his memory, frequently reminding him of the obligation of his duty as a father. Not a stranger to the tender and pathetic tale of the Prodigal, should he not have followed the Divine example set us in that parable ? should

he not have made the Rectorial house a scene of filial and parental joy—at the same time making the village of Welwyn, whose innocent amusements he had often promoted, to ring with joy at the glad tidings, that his son, who was dead, was alive again ; and was lost, and was found!

It is true, that this happy reconciliation, so long delayed, did at length take place. But it was at so late an hour in life, that he had lived beyond the age of man ; and was sinking fast into the grave.

WILLIAM-CHARLES DYER.

KOSTER'S TRAVELS IN BRAZIL.

From the Literary Panorama.

WHAT can we expect from settlers seated on their farms respectively, at great distances from each other ? with little or no intercourse, because each family endeavours to supply its own wants from resources within itself, and because the wants of its neighbours, being exactly similar to its own, no variety is to be looked for, in any useful or desirable form. If the land produces freely, the inhabitant lounges away life, in lazy enjoyment of the sunshine or the shade ; he has nothing to rouse his faculties, nothing on which his talent or strength may exert themselves. Hence he contracts habits of indolence, he becomes inert, and almost incapable of activity, and all that can be said of him when he quits this mortal scene is, he has lived, and is dead. Where less fertile spots bewilder the occupant, either he sinks into absolute poverty, and is destitute of all things, or he becomes the driver of herds, scarcely more wild than himself, and he roams with his unruly property over a domain extensive, indeed, but unproductive. In either case, the mind, which is the nobler part of man, continues barren : the highest powers of intellect, supposing them to be bestowed on such individuals, are completely lost, and rendered nothing worth. Ingenuity has no object on which to exert itself, no purpose, or end in view, by which to be influenced or guided. Nor is this the worst : for establishments, thus isolated, separated

from all the world, become the prey of the most unworthy prejudices. They scarcely acknowledge the existence of other *men* on the earth ; and instances are not wanting—in fact, these travels afford several—of their excessive credulity, in believing strangers to be rather *animals* than men. To say truth, a general reluctance prevails among all mankind, to admit the existence of fellow mortals superior to themselves : the whole race conceive readily, and pronounce decisively on foreigners as their inferiors—as *below* them in the most valuable attainments ; and those who are themselves the lowest, on the scale of existence as men, attribute to others not a few of the properties of brutes, in order to preserve the gradation. The advantages of intercourse between country and country consist in no inconsiderable degree in counteracting these prejudices. A nation of mere shepherds must be ignorant and rude ; but rudeness certainly wears off by the collision of sentiments, the interchange of thoughts and opinions, the judgments of the well-informed, and even the caprices of the fickle and fastidious. Whatever tends to excite a desire after excellence, tends at the same time, to promote civilization ; and generally, whatever tends to promote civilization, tends, by some means or other, to urge to excellence.

The difficulties under which mental improvement lies will be understood from the following observations. We,

who have pretty correct information of the state of things in the back settlements of North America, know, that could a tolerable regular supply of itinerant clergy be established, it would be to their infinite advantage. At present, they hear and know so little about religion, that they might almost envy the Pernambucan settlers.

"I heard of a strange custom existing in these parts of the country that are so thinly inhabited, which arises from this state of things. Certain priests obtain a licence from the bishop (of Pernambuco,) and travel through these regions with a small altar constructed for the purpose; of a size to be placed upon one side of a pack-saddle, and they have with them all their apparatus for saying mass. Thus with a horse conveying the necessary paraphernalia, and a boy to drive it, who likewise assists in saying mass, and another horse on which the priest himself rides, and carries his own small portmanteau, these men make in the course of the year between 150 and 200*l.*—a large income in Brazil, but hardly earned, if the inconvenience and privation which they must undergo to obtain it are taken into consideration. They stop and erect the altar wherever a sufficient number of persons who are willing to pay for the mass is collected. This will sometimes be said for three or four shillings, but at other times, if a rich man takes a fancy to a priest, or has a fit of extreme devotion upon him, he will give eight or ten *mil reis*, two or three pounds, and it does happen, that one hundred *mil reis* are received for saying a mass, but this is very rare;—at times an ox or an horse, or two or three, are given. These men have their use in the world; if this custom did not exist, all form of worship would be completely out of the reach of the inhabitants of many districts, or at any rate they would not be able to attend more than once or twice in the course of the year, for it must be remembered that there is no church within twenty or thirty leagues of some parts; besides, where there is no law, nor real, rational religion, any thing is better than nothing. They christen

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and marry, and thus preserve these necessary forms of religion, and prevent a total forgetfulness of the established rules of civilized society; a sufficient link is kept up to make any of these people, if they removed into more populous districts, conform to received ideas."

Where employment is wanting, the mind not unfrequently turns to religion, and what passes for religion, by way of amusement. Hence, perhaps, the processions, shews, and other diversions, which attract crowds in countries, understood to be but thinly peopled. The inhabitants have nothing to do, and one sight is as good as another. Their time has no value: they cannot lose by indulging their disposition to enjoy themselves, and seeing the world, as it appears around them.

As an instance of one of these religious spectacles, we quote part of an entertainment given towards the end of November, on occasion of the festival of our Lady of Conception. We are to consider the whole town, as being in gala for nine evenings successively: the colours hoisted, the bonfires blazing, the houses illuminated with lamps (made of half the rind of an orange, each containing a small quantity of oil and cotton,) large crosses were also lighted up in the square: music, violins and violincellos playing, band after band, and, in short, all possible gaiety in all possible variety of forms. "I was praised, says Mr. Koster, for my superior piety, in giving so splendid a night in honour of our Lady."

"On the following morning every arrangement was made for the *fandangos*. A spacious platform was erected, in the middle of the area of the town, and in front of the vicar's dwelling, raised about three feet from the ground. In the evening four bonfires were lighted, two being on each side of the stage, and soon afterwards the performers made their appearance. The story which forms the basis of this amusement is invariably the same; the parts, however, are not written, and are to be supplied by the actors; but these from practice;

know more or less what they are to say. The scene is a ship at sea, which, during part of the time is sailing regularly and gently along ; but in the latter part of the voyage she is in distress. The cause of the badness of the weather remains for a long time unknown ; but at last the persons who are on board discover that it has arisen from the devil, who is in the ship, under the disguise of the mizen-topmast-man. The persons represented, are

The Captain,	The Pilot or Mate,	
The Master,	The Boatswain,	
The Chaplain,		
The <i>Raçam</i> , or distribu-		} Two clowns ;
tor of the Rations,		
The <i>Vasoura</i> , or sweeper		
of the decks		
The <i>Gageiro da Gata</i> , or mizen-		
topmast-man, <i>alias</i> the Devil.		

"Twelve men and boys, who are dancers and singers, stand on the stage, six of them being on each side of it ; and the leader of the chorus sits at the back of the stage with a guitar, with which he keeps the time, and this person is sometimes assisted by a second guitar player. A ship is made for the occasion ; and when the performers stepped on to the platform, the vessel appeared at a distance under full sail, coming towards us upon wheels, which were concealed. As soon as the ship arrived near to the stage it stopped, and the performance commenced. The men and boys, who were to sing and dance, were dressed in white jackets and trowsers ; they had ribbons tied round their ancles and arms, and upon their heads they wore long paper caps, painted of various colours. The guitar player commenced with one of the favourite airs of the country, and the chorus followed him, dancing at the same time. The number of voices being considerable, and the evening extremely calm, the open air was rather advantageous than the contrary. The scene was striking, for the bonfires threw sufficient light to allow of our seeing the persons of the performers distinctly ; but all beyond was dark, and they seemed to be inclosed by a spacious, dome ; the crowd of persons who were near to the stage was great, and as the fires were stirred and the flame became brighter, more persons were seen beyond

on every side ; and at intervals the horses which were standing still farther off, waiting for their masters.

"When the chorus retired, the captain and other superior officers came forward, and a long and serious conversation ensued upon the state of the ship and the weather. These actors were dressed in old uniforms of the irregular troops of the country. They were succeeded by the boatswain and the two clowns ; the former gave his orders, to which the two latter made so many objections that the officer was provoked to strike one of them, and much coarse wit passed between the three. Soon afterwards came the chaplain in his gown, and his breviary in his hand ; and he was as much the butt of the clowns, as they were of the rest of the performers. The most scurrilous language was used by them to him ; he was abused, and was taxed with almost every irregularity possible. The jokes became at last so very indecent, as to make the vicar order his doors to be shut. The dancers come on at each change of scene, if I may so say. I went home soon after the vicar's doors were closed, and did not see the conclusion ; but the matter ended by throwing the Devil overboard, and reaching the port in safety. The performers do not expect payment, but rather consider themselves complimented in being sent for. They were tradesmen of several descriptions residing at Pasmado, and they attend on these occasions to act the *fandangos*, if requested so to do ; but if not, many of them would most probably go to enjoy any other sport which the festival affords. We paid their expences, and gave them their food during their stay ; they were accompanied by their families, which were all treated in the same manner, to the number of about forty persons."

Mr. Koster has not been an inattentive observer of Natural History.—We conjecture, indeed, that some acquaintance with this science is absolutely necessary. An Englishman accustomed to the *safeties* of his own country, would be completely taken by surprize, by an incident like the following, which certainly is not singular in the deserts of Pernambuco.

"Our friend, the saddler, among other stories, mentioned having passed over the same ground which we had traversed from St. Luzia, only a short time before us. He was in company with another man and a boy, and had also a dog with him; they had put up for the night under shelter of one of the rocks, in the vicinity of the lake of which I have spoken. His companion had taken the horses to some little distance to graze; the boy and the dog remained with him; he had made a fire, and was in the act of preparing some dried meat to be cooked, when the boy called out "where is the dog?"—the man answered "here he is, why what is the matter?" the boy said, "what eyes, then, are those?" pointing, at the same time, to the corner of the rock; the man looked, and saw the eyes, for nothing else was to be seen; he called to the dog, took up his fowling-piece, and fired, whilst the dog started up, and darted towards the spot. A jaguar rushed out, and made off; it had been partly concealed under the rock, which, with the dazzle of the fire had prevented its body from being seen; it had crouched, and was ready for a spring, when every thing was quiet, and unprepared."

But, not the deserts only, nor wild beasts of strength and size, are among the enemies of man in Brazil; at home he is visited by a class of insects, which being more persevering, as well as insidious, tease and molest him. Mr. Koster describes at length, the species of ants which destroy and devour the labours of human industry. If we should transcribe Mr. K.'s account of their exploits, by which not only roofs of houses, beams of timber, and other solid substances were consumed, but houses themselves were undermined and endangered, it might almost pass for fabulous, were it not beyond all possibility of doubt or hesitation. They also destroy growing vegetables; and recourse must be had to a 'bonfire' of leaves, in order to expel them. The different species of ants (black and red) are enemies to each other; the black is sought after, and encouraged to build upon orange and other fruit trees, which are liable to destruction from the large red ant: and they effectually defend

their appointed posts, if time has been allowed for their numbers to be equal to the task. They sometimes also attack the citadels of the red ants, and the field of battle is covered with the slain of both parties; but chiefly of the red. Some kinds of timber are more acceptable to them than others. The choice of timber in building a house is therefore of the utmost importance to the duration of the building. We have already said that fire of smoking leaves (or brimstone) is the most effectual remedy known, against the increase of these insects: not that all die; but that the colony, generally speaking, becomes stupified, and may easily be destroyed.

A curious incident occurred to Mr. Koster, while engaged on one of these slaughtering expeditions.

"In laying open the ant-hill which I have above-mentioned, we discovered a couple of the *cobras de duas cabeças*, or two headed snakes or worms; each of them was rolled up in one of the nests. These snakes are about eighteen inches in length, and about the thickness of the little finger of a child of four or five years of age. Both extremities of the snake appear to be exactly similar to each other; and when the reptile is touched, both of these are raised, and form a circle or hoop to strike that which has molested it. They appear to be perfectly blind, for they never alter their course to avoid any object until they come in contact with it, and then without turning about they crawl away in an opposite direction. The colour is grey inclining to white, and they are said to be venomous. This species of snake is often found in ant-hills, and I have likewise killed them in my house; they frequent dung-hills and places in which vegetable matter has been allowed to remain for a length of time unremoved."

We desire better acquaintance with the manners of this snake, and its species. It has been objected to the figure of the Centaur, half man half horse, that his *internal structure* violated all the rules of anatomy; he must have two sets of lungs, two hearts, two stomachs, &c.; have these double-headed snakes really all these, in consequence of having two heads?

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

From the European Magazine.

SIR,

THE Duke of Ripperda being a prominent character in the new novel called "The Pastor's Fire-side," I think a genuine account of him may not be unacceptable to your readers.

London ; Feb. 13, 1817. B.

JOHN WILLIAM, Duke de Ripperda, of a noble family in Groningen, served the States-General sometime as a colonel of infantry ; he was invested with this rank after he had been appointed ambassador from Holland to the Court of Spain. His ready and insinuating genius having pleased Philip V. he fixed himself at the Court of Madrid, and there attained great distinction. In the year 1725, he concluded at Luxembourg a treaty of peace and commerce between the Emperor and the Catholic King. On his return to Madrid he was made a Duke and Grandee of Spain ; the direction of the War, Marine and Finance departments, were entrusted to him : in fact, he obtained the power of prime minister without the title ; but it was shortly discovered that he was charged with a burthen above his powers. The King of Spain was obliged to remove him from the court and public affairs in 1726. Through this disgrace he nearly lost his reason, already weakened by his rapid elevation. He was obliged to seek an asylum with the English ambassador, Stanhope, from whom he was carried away by force, to be imprisoned in the castle of Segovia. He remained there till the 2d of September, 1728, when he found means of escaping into Portugal. From thence he went into England, and afterwards into Holland, where he formed an acquaintance with the ambassador of Morocco, who engaged to present him to his sovereign, Muley Abdallah. He was received by him with distinction, and acquired great credit, as great there as that which he had before obtained in Spain. The Duke de Ripperda passed some time in Morocco, without thinking

of changing his religion ; but two reasons induced him to take the turban : the first was, the fear that the courtiers would seek to destroy him on account of his professing Christianity ; and the second was, the desire he had of enjoying the privileges of the country he was in. He was, therefore, circumcised, and took the name of Osman. Those who were envious of him at last succeeded in accomplishing his disgrace. But after two months' imprisonment he obtained his liberty, with a prohibition of appearing at court till permitted. With a view of again getting into favour, he affected great zeal for the Mahometan religion ; and nevertheless meditated a new system of religion, which he thought would be acceptable to the people. However, the credit of the Duke de Ripperda standing upon weak foundations, was quickly overturned. Obligated to quit Morocco, he retired, in 1734, to the port of Tetuan, where he remained till his death, in 1737, equally despised by Mahometans and Christians. His death was occasioned by a languid disease, the effect of chagrin arising from his situation. The Bashaw of Tetuan took possession of his small property, conformably to the established custom in all the states of the sovereign of Morocco. He left two sons, who were drowned near the coast of Biscay, in going from Spain to England.

THE PIG OF BREST.

A writer in the *Journal de Paris*, recommends the following circumstance, which lately happened in the neighborhood of Brest, to the attention of dramatists of his country. A man coveted a farmer's pig ; broke in the night into the humble abode of the unsuspecting animal ; knocked him on the head ; threw the carcase across his shoulder, and carried it off. Punishment often follows closely at the heels of guilt. The robber came to a ditch in his way ; in crossing it, he fell with his load, and next morning the murderer and robber was found lifeless by the side of his victim.

"Here is a subject!" exclaims the narrator, "here is a moral *denouement*, if ever there was one! Ah! gentlemen of the *Magpie*, the *Ravens*, the *Dog of Montargis*, &c. &c. allow a place in your menagerie for the *Pig of Brest*! Consider what an effect will be produced by a title of this kind on a play-bill; '*The Pig, the Avenger of Guilt, or the Robber Punished by Himself*!' I would lay any wager that it runs a hundred nights, and eclipses all the animals that are now the rage."

TREATMENT OF SCALDS AND BURNS.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,—Being a constant reader of your excellent miscellany, and observing in the one for August, p. 81, the fatal result of a scald, and the censure passed on the present state of medical science, as applicable to that peculiar branch of it, I have been induced to trouble you with the following remarks. I confess I do not feel much surprised at the want of success of what I deem the improper treatment of that case, as it is now generally understood that, where any extraordinary action has been excited in any part of the system, the same stimulus, though in a less degree, should be persevered in, until the parts gradually assume their healthy action; as, for instance, where heat has been the cause of diseased action, heat should be continued: and, where it has been produced by excessive cold, as more particularly in the northern climates, cold applications should be used until the parts act in unison with each other, or by natural common stimuli. I therefore feel no hesitation in saying, from my own experience, that there might have been more probability of a favourable issue in applying the stimulating than the antiphlogistic remedies, as it appears to me, the constitution, having sustained a severe shock by the unnatural stimulus of heat, it is only aggravated by the extreme frigidity of the applications, which certainly produces a contrariety of effects. When applied to a patient who, a few minutes before, had been complaining of excessive heat and thirst, I have seen it immediately produce that cold shivering which, in my opinion, is so fatal a symptom of the case, as it is generally the precursor of violent sym-

pathetic fever. My plan of treating these cases, and which I have successfully practised some years, is immediately to apply a lotion made of equal parts of spirits of turpentine, and cold-drawn linseed oil, heated (by standing in hot water) to a degree which the sound parts would bear without injury, afterwards plasters, of the yellow Basilicon ointment, spread on fine old linen rags. I then give a proportionate dose of laudanum in warm brandy-and-water, and put my patient in a warm bed; thus, as Mr. Kentish, in his *Essays on Burns*, remarks, keeping up a unity of intention by both the external and internal means, which leads to the restoration of the unity of action, and the cure is performed. I then repeat this mode of treatment, twelve hours after its first application, with the exception of using them cold. Afterwards the parts are to be dressed with emollient ointments, or, according as their appearance may indicate, until suppuration commences, when the symptoms will point out the ordinary mode of cure. As far as relates to internal remedies, as I before observed, it is as essential they should be of the stimulating kind as the external; and, certainly, active purgatives, as recommended in your paragraph, are, in my opinion, highly improper, as they generally bring on that weakness and languor which inevitably retard the healing process, while the administration of opium generally allays that peculiar irritability produced by a destruction of the cuticle, and consequently prevents any disposition of the nervous system that may exist, likely to produce convulsions, the occurrence of which, in cases of this kind, generally proves fatal.

The Private Correspondence of Benjamin Franklin, LL.D., F.R.S. &c. Vol. II. Now first published from the original, by his Grandson, Wm. Temple Franklin. 1817.

The following extract from this work is a sort of confession of faith with respect to which the Doctor enjoined secrecy to the Rev. President Stiles, to whom it was addressed:—

"You desire to know something of my religion. It is the first time I have been questioned upon it. But I cannot

take your curiosity amiss, and shall endeavour in a few words to gratify it. Here is my creed : I believe in one God, the creator of the universe. That he governs it by his providence. That he ought to be worshipped. That the most acceptable service we render to him is doing good to his other children. That the soul of man is immortal, and will be treated with justice in another life respecting its conduct in this. These I take to be the fundamental points in all sound religion, and I regard them as you do in whatever sect I meet with them. As to Jesus of Nazareth, my opinion of whom you particularly desire, I think the system of morals and his religion, as he left them to us, the best the world ever saw, or is like to see ; but I apprehend it has received various corrupting changes, and I have, with most of the present dissenters in England, some doubts as to his divinity ; though it is a question I do not dogmatize upon, having never studied it, and think it needless to busy myself with it now, when I expect soon an opportunity of knowing the truth with less trouble. I see no harm, however, in its being believed, if that belief has the good consequence, as probably it has, of making his doctrines more respected and more observed ; especially as I do not perceive that the Supreme takes it amiss by distinguishing the believers in his government of the world with any peculiar marks of his displeasure. I shall only add respecting myself, that having experienced the goodness of that Being in conducting me prosperously thro' a long life, I have no doubt of its continuance in the next, though without the smallest conceit of meriting such goodness."—*Crit. Rev.*

ANECDOTE OF DR. BENJ. FRANKLIN.

Dr. Franklin was once in company with Dr. Priestley, with whom he was very intimate, and with a number of other scientific men, who made up a party ; they were mostly members of the Royal Society, and known to each other. The conversation turned on the progress of Arts, and on the discoveries favourable to human life, *which remained to be made*. Franklin regretted much that no method had yet been found out to spin two threads of cotton, or wool,

at the same moment. Each of the company lifted up his eyes in wonder, first at the thought itself, and secondly at the impossibility of executing it. Franklin, however, insisted that the thing was practicable, and not only so, but would not long remain a mystery. He lived long enough not only to see his notion reduced to practice, but to see as many as *forty* threads spun by the same motion. Had he lived till now, he would have seen a *hundred* spun, at the same instant, by a single female, with only the help of a child.

MISDOINGS FORMERLY AMONG THE ROYAL ATTENDANTS.

To the Editor of the Panorama.

SIR,—The insertion of the following will very much oblige A FRIEND.

Extracts from a curious manuscript, containing Directions for the Household of Henry VIII.

His highness' baker shall not put alum in the bread, or mix rye, oaten or bean flour with the same ; and if detected he shall be put in the stocks.

His highness' attendants are not to steal any locks, or keys, tables, forms, cupboards, or other furniture, out of noblemen's or gentlemen's houses where he goes to visit.

Master cooks shall not employ such scullions as goe about naked, or lie all night on the ground before the kitchenfire.

No dogs to be kept in the court, but only a few spaniels for the ladies.

The officers of his majesty's privy chamber shall be loving together, no grudging or grumbling, nor talking of the king's pastime.

The king's barber is enjoined to be cleanly, not to frequent the company of misguided women, for fear of danger to the king's royal person.

There shall be no romping with the maids on the staircase, by which dishes and other things are broken.

Coals only to be used by the king's, queen's, and lady Mary's chambers.

The brewers not to put any brimstone in the ale.

Twenty four loaves a day allowed for his highness' greyhounds.

ROBERT FREEBAIRN.

We insert the melancholy death of a son of this artist from a sincere wish that

it may prevent others from falling martyrs to the inconsiderate foolishness of persons who ought to know better. This artist's son (Samuel) died in 1813 at the age of 14. His death was occasioned by a silly trick, which was at one time prevalent, of pulling children up from the ground by the head, in order "to shew them London." About two months before his death he complained to a young friend of a stiff neck, for which the other suspended him in the manner mentioned above. It appeared at an investigation after his death, that the second vertebra was wrenched from the others nearly an inch, by which the head was pressed forward; the ligaments being torn, and an abscess formed between them and the windpipe.--*N. Mon.*

NATURAL HISTORY.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

A lioness only eight days old was purchased in 1815, at the Cape of Good Hope, by Capt. Waddington, of the City of Edinburgh East Indiaman. The animal was fed with milk and bread, and suffered to roll about on the floor of Capt. W.'s bed-room. A terrier bitch, kept in the same house had littered a few days previously to the purchase, and her pups had been destroyed. A servant accidentally going into the bed-room found the bitch suckling the whelp. Astonished at the spectacle, he soon communicated the circumstance to the family, and crowds flocked into the house to witness so extraordinary a sight. It was resolved not to separate the new companions; they were placed in a large kennel in the yard; and the bitch conceived a maternal attachment to the whelp, which the latter seemed to return with great affection. A commodious cage being made for them, they were conveyed on board the ship, which proceeded to England. During the voyage their friendship increased daily; the lioness grew prodigiously, but appeared unconscious of her superior strength, or unwilling to use it to the detriment of her foster-mother. The latter having acquired the ascendant, preserved it: at her meals she invariably satisfied herself before she permitted the lioness to taste a morsel; and

if the latter became refractory, she would bite her severely, and drive her into a corner of the den: in short, she kept her completely under control.

Capt. Waddington shortly after his arrival in England disposed of the lioness and her foster-mother to Mr. Cross, the spirited proprietor of the menagerie at Exeter 'Change, where the two friends are to be seen, inhabiting the same cage, and exhibiting a most extraordinary instance of affection between two females!

Chapter Coffee-house, Feb. 25.

ILLUSTRATION OF PROVERBS, OBSCURE SAYINGS, &c.

SPICK AND SPAN.

THIS is a very common expression, applied to any thing quite new, but the words appear to want explanation. The most obvious derivation is from the Italian *spicata de la spanna*, fresh from the hand, or, as we say in another proverbial phrase of our own, "fresh from the mint." There are numerous Italian words in our language, which were brought in before the Reformation, when it was not only customary for our young men of family to complete their studies in that country, but many Italians resided here as collectors of the papal imposts, or as holders of our best benefices. This certainly is a more rational etymology than that which derives the phrase from a spear, because the head of that weapon was formerly called a spike, and the staff a span; thereby meaning that every part is new.—*New Mon. Mag.*

HE IS A DAB AT IT.

This is very commonly said of a clever person in any profession: but the word *dab* is neither Saxon nor British; whence then does it come? The answer is, that it is nothing more than a corruption of *adept*, which in former times denoted a professor of the occult sciences, especially alchymy. The Rosicrucians, who affected the art of making gold and of prolonging life, maintained that there were twelve enlightened brethren of that mystical community who possessed the highest secrets of the order; these select members were called adepts; and when any one of them died, his place was filled up by another to keep the body perfect. To be an adept, therefore, denotes

that the person so complimented is extraordinarily qualified.—*Ibid.*

ORIGIN OF CROSS BUNS.

Mr. Urban,

Mr. Bryant, in his *Antient Mythology*, informs us that the offerings which people in antient times used to present to the Gods, were generally purchased at the entrance of the Temple, especially every piece of consecrated bread, which was denominated accordingly. One species of sacred bread, which used to be offered to the Gods, was of great antiquity, and called *Boun*. Hesychius speaks of the *Boun*, and describes it as a kind of cake with a representation of two horns. Diogenes Laertius, speaking of the same offering, describes the chief ingredients of which it was composed. "He offered one of the sacred cakes called a *Boun*, which was made of fine flour and honey."

The Prophet Jeremiah takes notice of this kind of offering when he is speaking of the Jewish women at Pathros in Egypt, and of their base idolatry. "When we burnt incense to the Queen of Heaven, and poured out drink offerings to her, did we make cakes to worship her." Jer. xliv. "The children gather wood, and the fathers kindle the fire, and the women knead their dough to make cakes to the Queen of Heaven." Jer. vii.

To the Editor of the *Monthly Magazine*.

SIR—It has been remarked, that seasons similar to the present have occurred at intervals of sixteen or seventeen years; not having the means of ascertaining the fact, by reference to many authorities, I submit the enquiry to your pages, as a curious subject of scientific speculation; annexing a list of years nearly corresponding to the above intervals, in which I have been able to ascertain the fact of any severity of season or deficiency of produce—

1816	1683	1389
1799	1459	1338
1783	1436	1551
1764	1406	1234

Jan. 1817.

A. Y.

A 'MOUSING' HEN.

A gentleman residing on Stoke Hill, has in his possession a hen, which answers the purpose of a cat in destroying mice. She is constantly seen watching close to a corn rick, and the moment a mouse appears, she seizes him in her beak, and carries him to a meadow adjoining, where she amuses herself by playing with her victim until he is dead; she then leaves him, repairs to her post, and is frequently known to catch four or five a day.—*Lit. Pan. Jan. 1817.*

DRAMATIC.

Manuel; a Tragedy. By the Rev. R. C. Maturin, author of "*Bertram*," "*Wild Irish Boy*," &c.

DRURY-LANE THEATRE.—The promise of a new Tragedy is ever an object of interest: but our expectations are highly enhanced when it is announced from the pen of an author, whose histrionic genius has been hailed by popular applause, and whose merit has been stamped with public approbation. The first effort of Mr. Maturin's dramatic Muse, was still recent in our remembrance, and we anticipated an increase of the celebrity he had acquired, by his forcible delineation of *Bertram*. This hope, if not realized to its full extent, has not been altogether disappointed. The brief outline of the story is this:—Alonzo, son of Manuel Count Valdi (Mr. Kean) having distinguished himself at the battle of Tolosa, and rescued Cordova from the Moors, is expected at his father's mansion, where a festival is prepared. His page first arrives, hoping to find his master already there, who had proceeded alone by a forest road. This excites alarm, and, soon after, his war-steed coming with bloody stains, and his broken lance, raise dreadful surmises of his murder. The forest is searched in vain, and Manuel, mad with an-

guish, accuses De Zelos, (Mr. Rae) his needy kinsman, who is next heir to him after Alonzo, tho' without proof. Manuel madly demands a trial: there he persists, unsupported, in the accusation, under the strongest conviction of his kinsman's guilt. De Zelos at length clears himself by oath; but Manuel, unsatisfied, dares him to swear upon the bier, on which a band of warriors are carrying Alonzo's armour, to deposit on some holy shrine. De Zelos hesitates, and his son Torrismond, (Mr. Wallack) agonised by a doubt of his father's innocence, rushes in, and prevents him from sealing the damning asseveration. De Zelos had already demanded the combat, and the Spanish nobles who support him, determine to banish Manuel if its issue fails him. Torrismond is with difficulty convinced of his father's innocence, and therefore, unmoved by the entreaties of Victoria (Miss Somerville) by whom he is beloved, appears in the lists as his father's champion. Manuel has no champion—but an unknown warrior comes in his behalf and is mortally wounded—ere he is borne off, he uncloses his vizor to De Zelos, and shews himself to be a Moor (Mr. P. Cooke) who had mysteriously appeared in a former scene. Manuel is then banished to an ancient castle of his ancestry,

and his daughter, who attends him in his frantic state, accompanies him. Thither also Ximena, who had been betrothed to Alonzo, and hopelessly pines for his loss, wanders and meets Manuel at Alonzo's cenotaph. In the same vault she finds the Moor expiring, who confesses he had been hired to murder Alonzo, and gives her a dagger which he had received for the purpose, and the blade of which bears his employer's name, binding her by an oath to commit it undrawn into the hands of justice; this she, dying, delivers to Torrismond. De Zelos arrives at Manuel's castle, in search of his daughter, and Torrismond rushes in, glorying in his father's innocence; Mendizabel, the justiza, desires him to unsheath the dagger—he does so, and, discovering his father's name, stabs himself. De Zelos sinks, oppressed with guilt;—and Manuel, before frantic, dies, madly glorying in the thought that De Zelos is as childless as himself.

In the 1st act, the description of the battle, as traced upon the memory of the aged and enfeebled warrior, was a master-piece of acting. Fancy might have viewed Mr. Kean as

an aged Nestor reciting the deeds of past times to the youthful heroes of another generation: he was extremely impassioned in this scene: he was equally great when at the end of the first act, he points out the murderer of his son. If, says Torrismond, "on earth the murderer can be found!" "There!" exclaims Manuel, pointing to De Zelos. The effect was very striking, and our praise is not confined to Mr. Kean, for Mr. Rae and Mr. Wallack were eminently successful in their efforts. The scenery is magnificent.

The lists prepared for the single combat of the Champions of Manuel and De Zelos are grand and splendid, perfectly characteristic—and, doubtless, accurately portrayed all the pompous forms and gorgeous ceremonies of those appeals to heaven. Having thus far expressed ourselves, we cannot avoid expressing our doubts, whether this Tragedy will glide unobstructed down the tide of time. Repetition, we fear, will damp the admiration of those who may be at first prompted to applaud it. In fact, it does not in any one passage carry the mind to a very high pitch of elevation.

MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

MR. JAMES HUDDLESTONE WYNNE.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

MR. JAMES HUDDLESTONE WYNNE was of a very respectable family in South Wales, and related to the Wynnes of Wynnstay, in North Wales. His father from misfortune having reduced his circumstances, wisely resolved on a profession for young James, and that of a compositor was determined on, at which he worked with that great and worthy man Benjamin Franklin; but he became disgusted with his profession, and obtained a lieutenancy in a regiment about to set out for India. The irascibility of Mr. Wynne's temper was such, that it for ever kept him in hot water: he had not proceeded far on his voyage before he quarrelled with his brother officers, who would not mess with him, and actually left him behind when the ship arrived at the Cape; from whence he returned to England, and meeting with a young lady of property, entered into the state of matrimony. It was about this time that Mr. Wynne thought of commencing author, and his first application in that way was to Mr. Geo. Kearsley, bookseller, Fleet-street, whose liberality enabled him to support his family. He had two other employers: one in

Paternoster-row, the other in May-fair. For the first he was doomed periodically to write rebuses and enigmas; for the other, petty fables, children's lessons in verse, or to devise new-fangled modes of playing the game of goose. As these two pillars of literature lived at so great distance apart, our poor poet, who had suffered a total derangement of the muscles of his right leg, was almost reduced to a skeleton by his attendance on them. When he had written a dozen lines for a child's play-card, or half a page of a monthly magazine, our poet was obliged to go with his stock of commodity from Bloomsbury, where he occupied an attic, first to May-fair, and then to Paternoster-row; and the remuneration he received for the effusions of his brain was frequently insufficient to procure him the means of existence. Mr. Wynne would often complain in the most severe terms of the want of generosity in his employers. The literary productions of Mr. Wynne are numerous; and, some written for his amusement, full of merit, strongly evincing flights of true genius. His *History of Ireland* the critics of his day belaboured with Herculean clubs—

but critics are often more ill-natured than candid ; his *Miseries of Authorship* does his feelings much credit—alas ! he was able to give a faithful picture of those “miseries ;” and his poem of the *Prostitute* is full of moral and tender sentiments, the offspring of a good heart. Many others of his pieces have much to recommend them, and would not disgrace men of greater celebrity.

Mr. Wynne’s eccentricities were numerous, and some of them so tinctured with pride as make their possessor appear truly ridiculous. The noblest minds are ever hardest in distress ; but Mr. W. was insolent in rags, turbulent when in want of a meal, and would insult his best friend for doing him an act of kindness unsolicited ; of which the following anecdote is an instance.

Mr. Wynne’s figure was below the middle stature ; his face thin and pale ; his head scantily covered with hair, collected in a tail about the thickness of a tobacco-pipe ; his emaciated right leg was sustained by an unpolished iron :—he wore his gloves without fingers, and his clothes in tatters. In such a trim he one day entered the shop of Mr. Kearsley, the bookseller, who possessed a heart susceptible of every good, and a hand, ever ready to relieve distress. Mr. K.’s shop was the lounge for gentlemen of literary attachment, who stopped to inquire the occurrences of the day ; and several persons of fashion were present when Wynne entered, and began to talk in a way that shewed want of good-breeding. His shabby appearance, together with his unbridled loquacity, threw Kearsley into a fever until he got rid of them ; after which, moved at the indelicacy of his appearance, Mr. K. from the purest motives, took a suit of his clothes, almost new, and with other appendages, bundled them together in a handkerchief, and, with a polite note, sent them after Mr. W. to his lodgings. As this was done without the knowledge of a third person, and in so polite a way, it would not be unreasonable to suppose that Mr. Wynne received the gift with thankfulness, at least with good manners ; but the result proved otherwise. He stormed like a madman, and in a rage returned the bundle, though he was cov-

ered with rags like a pauper ; writing by the porter, that “the pity he had experienced was brutality ; the officiousness to serve him insolence ; and if ever Mr. K. did the like again till he was requested, he would chastise him in another way.” This would have been a wren pouncing upon an eagle ; for Mr. Kearsley was a tall stout man—a Colossus to Wynne.

Notwithstanding the preceding, Mr. Wynne was not without his attachment to dress and fashion. A short time previous to his publishing his *History of Ireland*, he expressed a desire to dedicate it to the Duke of Northumberland, who was just returned from being lord-lieutenant of that country. For this purpose he waited on Dr. Percy, and met with a very polite reception. The duke was made acquainted with his wishes, and Dr. Percy went as the messenger of good tidings to the author. But there was more to be done than a formal introduction ; the poor writer intimated this to the good doctor ; who in the most delicate terms begged his acceptance of an almost new suit of black, which, with a very little alteration, might be made to fit. This, the doctor urged, would be best, as there was not time to provide a new suit and other things necessary for his *debut*, as the duke had appointed Monday in the next week to give the historian an audience. Mr. Wynne approved of the plan in all respects, and in the mean time had prepared himself with a set speech and a manuscript of the dedication. But, to digress a little, it must be understood that Dr. Percy was considerably in stature above Mr. W. and his coat sufficiently large to wrap round the latter, and conceal him.—The morning came for the author’s public entry at Northumberland-house ; but alas ! one grand mistake had been made : in the hurry of business no application had been made to the tailor for the necessary alterations of his clothes ; however, great minds are not cast down with ordinary occurrences ; Mr. Wynne dressed himself in Dr. Percy’s friendly suit, together with a borrowed sword, and a hat under his arm of great antiquity ; then taking leave of his trembling wife, he set out for

the great house. True to the moment, he arrived—Dr. Percy attended—and the duke was ready to receive our poet, whose figure at this time presented the appearance of a suit of sables hung on a hedge-stake, or one of those bodiless forms we see swinging on a dyer's pole. On his introduction, Mr. Wynne began his formal address; and the noble duke was so tickled at the singularity of the poet's appearance, that, in spite of his gravity, he burst the bonds of good manners: and, at length, agitated by an endeavour to restrain risibility, he leaped from his chair, forced a purse of thirty guineas into Mr. Wynne's hand, and hurrying out of the room, told the poet he was welcome to make what use he pleased of his name and patronage.

In the year 1780, Mr. Wynne addressed an ode to her Majesty on her birth-day, which was well received; it began thus:

“Heard ye the welcome sound of joy?
Heard ye the swelling notes of praise?
What theme like virtue can employ
The lyre, or wake the poet's lays?”

Mr. Wynne now began to extend his fame, and several periodical booksellers with great eagerness solicited his literary assistance. The Rev. Dr. Madan had just written and published a very singular book in vindication of polygamy, called *Thelyphthora*. It was composed purposely to extenuate the conduct of a

rich merchant in the thorough, a friend of Dr. Madan's, who had married two wives, and (what must appear extraordinary) lived in tolerable harmony with both under the same roof. This book Mr. Wynne borrowed, and returned it again with the following epigram written on one of the leaves in red ink:

“If John marries Mary, and Mary alone,
’Tis a very good match between Mary and John!
But if John weds a score—O what claws and what scratches!
It can't be a match, but a bundle of matches.”

A hundred more instances might be produced of Mr. Wynne's ready wit and humour, but, as they still live in the memory of his friends, we shall conclude with observing, that his only faults were, negligence with respect to exterior appearance, and obstinacy in refusing to accept obligations, tendered, from the purest motives, by many who were desirous of serving him in distress. His whole garb at times was not worth a crown.—His morals were noble; and those who had the advantage of his friendship, received him with a smile of respect, and always left him with regret. At length nature began to decay, his limbs and intellect forsook him; but the affection of his children threw a veil over his infirmities. Upon the great stage of action he acted well his part; and here we drop the curtain.

RIGHT HON. RICHARD BRINSLEY SHERIDAN.

Continued from p. 110.

THE death of the Marquis of Rockingham in the summer of 1782, occasioned such a breach in the cabinet, that Mr. Fox with his nearest friends seceded from administration. Thus thrown again into opposition, Mr. Sheridan exerted himself with great zeal in attacking Lord Shelburne not only in the house, but thro' the medium of the press, and in the formation of political associations or clubs, where his oratorical powers were of singular efficacy.

The first time he came in contact with Mr. Pitt was on the discussion of the preliminaries of peace, on which occasion, he directed some strange language against ministers, and amongst

other things observed that if Mr. Fox had concluded such a treaty he would have lost his friendship.

To this flight and the sarcasms with which it was accompanied, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, instead of returning a cool answer, made a direct and contemptuous allusion to the professional pursuits of Sheridan, saying that “if his talents were exercised in their proper sphere, they would receive the plaudits of the audience, and it would be his fortune *sui plausu gaudere theatri*.” Mr. Sheridan gladly caught at this advantage, and in his reply, after animadverting on the personality, said that “if ever he again engaged in dramatic composition, he should probably be led, from the ex-

ample just shown, to improve upon one of Ben Jonson's last characters, that of the Angry Boy in the Alchymist." This felicitous application of theatrical knowledge occasioned much laughter at the time, and had the effect of fixing upon Mr. Pitt the appellation of the Angry Boy, which continued many years.

On the resignation of Lord Shelburne, and the accession of the coalition ministry, Mr. Sheridan was nominated one of the under Secretaries of State in the office of Mr. Fox, but the contention occasioned by the famous India Bill of that eminent statesman, produced another change in a very few months, and Mr. Sheridan with his friends resumed their seats on the opposition bench, where they became fixtures for a series of years.

From this period, Mr. Sheridan distinguished himself as the vigilant assailant of all the measures of Mr. Pitt without a single exception, and it is remarkable, that while Mr. Burke and Mr. Fox commended the sinking fund bill, and that for the consolidation of the custom and excise duties, our orator alone, constantly and pertinaciously found fault with these acts. But his greatest display of eloquence, as a member of the House of Commons, was on bringing up the third charge against Mr. Hastings "on the resumption of the Jaghires and the confiscation of the treasures of the Princesses of Oude." The speech which

he delivered on that subject February 7, 1787, lasted five hours and forty minutes, and had such an electrifying effect upon the house, that the debate was adjourned till the next day, to give the members time for reflection, after being so long under the influence of the magician's wand. Nor was his speech on the seventh charge, respecting bribes and presents corruptly received by Mr. Hastings, less admired as an eloquent composition, though unfortunately the beauties of both are lost to posterity, for the want of a correct and minute report. The same year Mr. Sheridan displayed great energy in the service of the Prince of Wales, when the debts of his Royal Highness came under the consideration of parliament, and his zeal on the occasion, completely established him in the confidence of his illustrious patron, whose friendship he enjoyed to the close of his life.

When the impeachment of Mr. Hastings was determined upon, and the charges concluded, Mr. Sheridan was nominated the third on the list of managers, and, very judiciously, the principal part allotted to him, was that which related to the Princesses of Oude: in summing up the evidence on which subject he astonished and delighted the numerous hearers in Westminster Hall for four days successively.

Concluded page 267.

POETRY.

From the Monthly Magazine.

[It has been observed of Mr. Rogers, the excellent Author of the Pleasures of Memory, &c. that the production of a Poet from a Bank-ing-house was an extraordinary occurrence; but the following extracts from the Juvenile Poems of a Youth in a Bank-house at Canterbury, afford an additional proof that that situation is not so unfavourable to the growth of the "tender blossoms of the Muse" as may hitherto have been supposed.]

TO *****

THERE is an eye whose shaded light
A liquid lustre throws:
There is a cheek whose soft'ned white
Would shame the gaudy rose.

The pert, the bright, black, sparkling eye
The brow of Mirth may grace;
And Health may lend its deepest dye
To deck a rustic's face:

But 't is not there that Love would seek
For Feeling's favourite shrine;
Oh no! 't is on thy pure pale cheek,
'T is in such eyes as thine.

THE BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

OH! why did you bid me awake
My song from its amorous dream?
Oh! why do you wish me to make
The beauties of nature my theme?

That the purest emotions I know
At the brightness of morning, believe;
And dearer, still dearer the glow
Of the summer's voluptuous eve.

Yet the landscape may pall on the sight,
Its hues as you gaze melt away,
They are veiled in the gloom of the night,
At the cold touch of winter decay.

What charm like affection's first sigh,
Can the soft breath of summer impart?
What light like the beam of the eye,
When confessing the warmth of the heart?
No, Mira, the bloom of the soul
Is nipped by no change of the weather;
Unheeded the seasons may roll,
Till we sink to Elysium together!

STANZAS.

BENEATH the main a coral cave
Is oft the shipwreck'd sailor's grave,
Where gems of purest beauty bright
Pour round the place their lonely light,
And seem a silent watch to keep
Over the wretch's endless sleep.

In the dark horrors of a tomb,
I've seen a simple flow'ret bloom,
And from its virgin bosom shed
A pious fragrance o'er the dead,
As if it hoped its dulcet breath
Might wake the sullen sense of death.
Thus, buried in my joyless breast,
Affection's fondest feelings rest;
Though Fancy lend her playful beam,
And Hope its ineffectual gleam,
The light is false---the hope is vain---
They ne'er shall spring to life again.

A FAIRY scene, with sportive hand,
At noon upon the shore I traced;
The billows rushing to the land,
At evening every print effaced.
Soft falling through the silent night,
On earth a snowy mantle lay;
But, shrinking at the dawn of light,
Dissolved into a dew away.

Thus smiling Fancy spread of late
Her treasures to my youthful mind;
Thus, melting at the touch of fate,
They fled, nor left a trace behind.

STANZAS,

WRITTEN ON THE SEA SHORE AT -----, KENT.

THE orb of light descending gave
Its splendour to the western wave,
And proudly every billow roll'd,
As glorying in its garb of gold.
Soft twilight stole its glowing hue,
And spread her veil of misty blue,
Whilst many a sportive green-haired maid
Dim glancing o'er the surface play'd.
Night, frowning, closes round, and all
Envelopes in her darkest pall,
Nor leaves amid the gloomy scene
A trace to shew where light had been.
To-morrow's sun shall gild again
The bosom of the bounding main;
At eve the nymphs again shall lave
Their tresses in the purple wave.
But oh! the night that Sorrow spread
Around this lone despairing head,
That wraps the heart, that shrouds the brain,
Shall know no dawn of joy again!

SIGHS.

From the "Home of Love," a poem; by Mrs.
Henry Rolls.

THERE is a sigh---that, half suppress'd,
Seems scarce to heave the bosom fair;
It rises from the spotless breast,
The first faint dawn of tender care.

indeed there is a sigh

There is a sigh---so soft, so sweet,
It breathes not from the lip of woe;
'Tis heard where conscious lovers meet,
Whilst, yet untold, young passions glow.

There is a sigh---short, deep and strong,
That on the lip of rapture dies;
It floats mild Evening's shade along,
When meet the fond consenting eyes.

There is a sigh---that speaks regret,
Yet seems scarce conscious of its pain;
It tells of bliss remembered yet,
Of bliss that ne'er must wake again.

There is a sigh---that deeply breath'd,
Bespeaks the bosom's secret woe;
It says the flowers that Love had wreath'd,
Are wither'd ne'er again to blow.

There is a sigh---that slowly swells
Then deeply breathes its load of care;
It speaks, that in that bosom dwells
That last worst pang, fond Love's despair.
(*Lit. Pan. March, 1817.*)

From the Monthly Magazine.

LINES

BY A MOTHER, ON BEING URGED TO MODERATE HER GRIEF FOR THE SUDDEN LOSS OF AN ADORED CHILD.

YOU bid me hope---you say I yet may know

Peace and contentment in this world below;
That other children claim my fost'ring care,
That 'tis unjust to them to court despair!
These truths I own---yet painfully I find
'Tis vain to reason with a wounded mind;
Feeling usurps the seat where reason reign'd,
And, join'd by memory, keeps the throne she gain'd;

For memory, grief's first and truest friend,
Forbids each torturing scene to have an end,
Now shews my child in beauty's blaze display'd,

Now on the bed of death it shews her laid!
Now lisps her accents to my list'ning ear:
Her last sad accents---when she murmured
"DEAR!"*

Now in the mazy dance it shews her form;
Now playing on the daisy-spangled lawn:
These, and a thousand others memory shows,
Till nature sinks exhausted to repose;
But e'en in sleep my eyes the vision trace,
And gaze with rapture on her beauteous face
---That face and form which might with zeal inspire

The painter's pencil, or the minstrel's lyre!
Oh, could my pen her lovely form portray,
And shew her smile, sweet as the opening day,---

You sure would own that I have cause for grief,
And that 'tis time alone can bring relief.

To thee, O God! my heart in prayer I bend,
For thou art still the wretched mourner's friend;

Thou canst restore my wounded soul to peace,
Or take me to that Heaven---where sorrows cease!
E. P.

Holloway; July 8, 1816.

* The fond appellation by which she always addressed her mother, and the last word she uttered.

THE PRISONERS OF CHILLON.

Concluded from page 120.

IX.

WHAT next befel me then and there
 I know not well---I never knew---
 First came the loss of light and air,
 And then of darkness too :
 I had no thought, no feeling---none---
 Among the stones I stood a stone,
 And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
 As shrubless crags within the mist ;
 For all was blank, and bleak and grey,
 It was not night---it was not day, 240
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness---without a place ;
 There were no stars---no earth---no time---
 No check---no change---no good---no crime---
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X.

A light broke in upon my brain---
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery ;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track, 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perch'd, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seem'd to say them all for me :
 I never saw its like before, 271
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more ;
 It seem'd like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when
 None liv'd to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ;
 For--Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which bade me both to weep and smile ;
 I sometimes deemed that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me :
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal---well I knew, 290
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,---
 Lone---as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone---as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of Heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue and earth is gay.

XI.

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
 My keepers grew compassionate,

I knew not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was :---my broken chain
 With links unfasten'd did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part ;
 And round the pillars one by one, 310
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,
 My brothers' graves without a sod ;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned the lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crush'd heart felt blind and sick.

XII.

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all 320
 Who loved me in a human shape ;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child---no sire---no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barr'd windows and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

XIII.

I saw them---and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high---their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channell'd rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-wall'd distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view :
 A small green isle, it seem'd no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,
 And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing, 350
 Of gentle breath and hue.
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous each and all ;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly,
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled---and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again, 360
 The darkness of my dim abode
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,
 And yet my glance, too much oppress'd,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

XIV.

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count---I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary note ;
 At last men came and set me free--- 370
 I ask'd not why, I reck'd not where ;
 It was, at length, the same to me
 Fetter'd or fetterless to be,
 I learn'd to love despair.

And thus when they appear'd at last,
And all my bonds aside were cast,
These heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage---and all my own!
And half I felt as they were come
To tear me from a second home:
With spiders I had friendship made,
And watch'd them in their sullen trade,
Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
And why should I feel less than they?
We were all inmates of one place,
And I, the monarch of each race,
Had power to kill---yet strange to tell!
In quiet we had learn'd to dwell---
My very chains and I grew friends,
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are: even I
Regained my freedom with a sigh.

THE FISHER'S GRAVE.

THE day has pass'd,---and with it flown
The brightness of the sunny beam,
Pale Evening throws her sable zone
Around the calm and quiet scene:---
The woods upon the mountain's brow
By the breeze majestic wave,
And calmly sleeps the stream below
O'er the Fisher's lonely grave.

Long has wept the silver tide,
Stealing on its pebbly shore,
Since it bathed his wherry side,
Dashing to the feather'd oar.

'Twas at night;---and homeward sped
The Fisher to his home afar,
The cold moon shone above his head,
Lofty beam'd each dancing star;
He thought upon his cottage fire
With rosy children circled round,
And sweet the dreams those thoughts inspire,
Dreams with peace and pleasure crown'd!

And, as he row'd his boat along,
Cheerily his voice arose,
The woods re-echoed to his song,
And sigh'd at ev'ry murmur close.

The boat glides on;---obscure and dark
Lurks beneath the sunken rock;---
Whirls around the fragile bark,
It shivers with the sudden shock!

The dying cry, the plunge was heard:
The peasants gathered on the shore,
And unavailing prayers preferr'd
For him who can awake no more.

In vain beside her cottage fire,
His widow'd partner mourns his stay,
His children ask their absent sire,
But he, alas! is far away.

They laid him in a humble grave;
The green sod blossoms on his breast,
Calmly flows the silver wave,
Soothing his unbroken rest.

And there the lonely bird of night
Pours her softest, wildest note,
And upon the brow of night
Tunefully the echoes float.

(*Lit. Pan. Feb. 1817.*)

STANZAS.

WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

IN vain I court refreshing sleep,
For me no vision's near;
By Night's sad shades unseen I weep,
Unheard by Pity's ear.

How fleeting is each earthly joy,
Each earthly wish how vain!
No pleasures spring without alloy,
"No joy without its pain."

In buxom health to-day I rose,
'Mid verdant fields to stray;
I little thought the scene would close,
And Sickness choak my way!

How great a change; while here I lay
And muse upon the past,
O'erwhelm'd with grief, to pain a prey,
Each hope it seems to blast.

O hear, great God! a sinner's prayers,
Nor let thy love decrease;
Take me this night into thy care,
And let me rest in peace.

But, if no more on me shall shine
The sun's meridian rays,
"Thy will be done"---that will be mine---
For just are all thy ways!

Forbid e'en Friendship's tears to flow
Around my youthful bier;
Nor swell those hearts with bitter woe,
I e'er have lov'd so dear.

To thee, my God! I suppliant cry,
O listen to my prayer:
Accept, accept, Contrition's sigh,
And take me to thy care. (*Mon. Mag.*)

THE ABSENT SOLDIER RECOLLECTED BY HIS FAMILY.

From the "School-Boy," a late poem, by Thos. Cromwell.

AH! long by the hearth of the warrior's
home
His children shall listen, and wish he were
come;

And long shall that wish to each bosom be dear
And long in each eye shall it combat the tear,
Perhaps that same night, when, by death's
arms embraced,

Her soldier lay stiffened and prone on the
waste,
The wife might look out, and contemplate
the sky;

Survey the mild moonbeam, and think, with
a sigh,
That it shone on his tent; while he wakeful
might lay,

Or be dreaming of her and his home faraway.
Then, turning to join the gay ring round the
fire,

She would smile with her children, and talk
of their sire:

Should she weep for his boldness, or tell of
his might,
Each stripling youth glowed to be with him
in fight;

While with fervor more mild the soft daugh-
ter would burn,

As she pictur'd the joys of her father's return!
Fond maiden, ah! no: thy loved father no
more

The threshold shall tread of his own humble
door:

Go, comfort thy mother; for, desolate now,
A lone widow is she, and an orphan art thou.
And, oh! with what anguish your bosoms
will wail,

When, all rudely perchance, ye shall hear
the sad tale: [stay,

Bereft of the soldier, whose arm was your
What sorrows may press on the future's dark
way!

What tears of affliction may languidly flow !
 What nights of despair, bringing mornings of
 woe !
 Should poverty all but deny the raw shed,
 And pale want and disease ghastly glare
 round your bed ;
 And the past rise in contrast, all gay with
 delight,

Say, what will ye think of the 'glorious fight ?'
 Will ye too exult with the Conqueror ?---No !
 For his laurels are cypress, his victory woe :
 And the trophies ambition so joyous would
 rear,
 Are the widow's lament, and the orphan's
 lone tear. [Lit. Pan. March 1817.]

INTELLIGENCE IN LITERATURE, AND THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Miss EDGEWORTH has in the press a volume of Comic Dramas.

Mr. JOHN SCOTT is printing *The House of Mourning*, a Poem, with some smaller pieces.

Mr. JAMIESON has completed the translation of Madame de Genlis' "*Les Battuecas*."

Melincourt, a Novel, in 3 vols. by the Author of *Headlong Hall*, is published.

Brief Remarks on Mr. WARDEN's Letters from St. Helena respecting the Conduct of Buonaparte and his Suite, are in the press.

THOMAS STAMFORD RAFFLES, esq. late lieutenant-governor of Java, has in the press, an Account of the Island of Java: containing a General Description of the Country and of its Inhabitants---the State of Agriculture, Manufactures, and Commerce--- the Nature of the Government and Institutions---and the Customs and Usages peculiar to the People; together with an Account of the Languages, Literature, and Antiquities of the Country, and the Native History of the Island, principally from Native Authorities. The work will be printed in one volume, 4to.; and accompanied by a Map of Java, reduced from the best survey; many of them made during the Administration of the British Government: and will be further illustrated by numerous plates, executed principally by DANIEL; exhibiting the Costume of the different Classes of Society, the Implements of Agriculture, &c., and the Remains of the Arts (which appear to have risen, at one period, to a very high pitch in the island,) consisting of various Idols, and Temples sacred to the Ancient Worship of the Country.

Mr. BURCHELL, who has been for several years engaged in exploring that part of the African continent bordering on the Cape of Good Hope has lately returned to this country. He industriously investigated the natural productions of the countries which he traversed, and has brought with him a numerous collection of undescribed and rare quadrupeds, among which are a male and female *cameleopardalis*: 540 birds; 2,500 insects; an herbarium of about 40,500 subjects in fine preservation, and numerous geological and mineralogical specimens---the produce of the labour of nearly four years.

At press, the Second Volume of the History of Brazil. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate, Member of the Royal Spanish Academy. In 4to.

A Reprint of *Morte d'Arthur*. The Text of this Edition is a faithful Transcript from the Caxton Edition, in the possession of Earl Spencer, with an introduction and Notes, tending to elucidate the History and Bibliography of the Work; as well as the Fictions of the Round Table Chivalry in general. By Robert Southey, Esq. Poet Laureate. The impression is strictly limited to 250 on post 4 to. and 50 large paper.

Mr. J. M. Kinnear is preparing a journey through Asia Minor, Armenia, and Kurdistan, in 1813 and 1814, with remarks on the marches of Alexander, and the retreat of the Ten Thousand.

In a few weeks will be published, a new work, entitled "*Boarding School Correspondence*; or, a Series of Letters between a Mother and her Daughter at School," being a joint production of Mrs. Taylor, author of "*Maternal Solicitude*," "*Practical Hints to Young Females*," &c. and Miss Taylor, Author of "*Display*," and "*Essays in Rhyme*."

At press, the Second Volume of an Introduction to Entomology; or, Elements of the Natural History of Insects. By the Rev. Wm. Kirby, B.A. F.L.S. Author of *Monographia Apum Angliæ*; and William Spence Esq. Illustrated by coloured Engravings.

Mr. GODWIN has in the press a new novel entitled *Mandeville*, a domestic story of the 17th century, in three vols.

Mrs. HEN. ROLLS, authoress of *Sacred Sketches*, *Moscow*, *An Address to Lord Byron*, and other poems, has published *The Home of Love*, a poem.

The new novel of *Les Battuecas*, by Madame de GENLIS, is the most popular literary work at the present moment. It is interesting, like every other production of that celebrated writer.

In the press, a sixth edition of *Curiosities of Literature*; and at the same time will appear an additional third volume, which will be published separately, for the convenience of those who may be desirous of completing their sets.

THE SAME AUTHOR has also nearly ready for the press, a History of Men of Genius; being his Essay on the Literary Character, which has been out of print many years, considerably enlarged.

The transport which carried MAJOR PEDDIE and his companion CAPT. CAMPBELL to Africa, has arrived after a tedious passage at Goree; but the death of the surgeon who was to have accompanied them, and the troops which were to have arrived from Sierra Leone in December, not joining till too late, the departure of the expedition from the coast is deferred till next season. This delay has enabled Capt. Campbell to make a great number of observations of distances of the sun and moon, and moon and stars, from which he found the longitude of Senegal different from what is given in the tables, and the latitude he fixes at 16d. 2. 30 N.

In the press, *Purity of Heart*, or the Ancient Costume, a tale, in one volume; addressed to the author of *Glenarvon*: by an old wife of twenty years.

A work on Female Scripture Biography; with an Essay, shewing what Christianity has done for Women. By the Rev. F. A. Cox.